The Nation

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The Week

The exemption feature of the income-tax section of the tariff bill emerges from the conference committee somewhat improved over the form given to it by either the House or the Senate. The House bill had made a flat exemption of $4,000. For this the Senate substituted what was often referred to as an exemption of $3,000, and in most comments on the subject credit was accordingly given the Senate for having lowered the exemption. This praise, however, was entirely unjustified, for not only did the additional exemption of $1,000 in the case of married men bring the amount back to the House figure in the great majority of cases, but there was a further exemption of $1,000 in the case of a family with two or more children, making the total exemption $5,000. This feature more than balanced the lowering of the minimum exemption to $3,000, from the point of view of the objection that the tax was levied so as to be felt by only a very small fraction of the population. As it is, a slight concession has been made to that objection. How slight the concession is may be judged from the fact that the experts estimate the number of persons who will have to pay the tax at 425,000, which is about one-fiftieth of the number of *families* in the United States. It is notable that the marked increase of rates at the upper end of the scale—the rate on the biggest incomes going up to 7 per cent. instead of 4—went through with almost no resistance.

In his speech at the Progressive Convention at Rochester, Col. Roosevelt gave several interesting illustrations of that superiority to trifling little distinctions, whether of fact or of law, for which he is so eminently distinguished. "I ask you," he said, referring to the Sulzer affair, "whether you prefer the recall exercised by the people themselves at the polls, or the recall exercised by Mr. Murphy at the end of the telephone." As he expressly disclaimed the purpose of referring to "any matter pending before the court of impeachment," what he here denominates "the recall exercised by Mr. Murphy" can only be the action of the Assembly in bringing Sulzer before that court. Does any recall "by the people themselves" contemplate the interposition of a trial by a court of any kind before it becomes effective? Does it give the accused a chance to state his case with the aid of counsel, to confront his accusers, to put their charges to the test of a vote by a limited number of persons who act in the full light of publicity and to whom public opinion will bring home the responsibility of an unjust decision? Unless Mr. Roosevelt means to assert that the powers of the court of impeachment now apparently trying the case of Gov. Sulzer at Albany are in reality "exercised by Mr. Murphy at the end of a telephone," his comparison between the present Constitutional process and the recall by popular vote is a sad misfit.

But an instance far more significant is the statement the Colonel made of his own particular doctrine, generally known as that of the recall of decisions. When he first proposed that scheme, its avowed purpose was to give to the people an opportunity of declaring Constitutional a law which the courts had declared unconstitutional, and of thus substituting their *interpretation* for that of the courts. It was at once pointed out, and especially by President Taft, that in practice the people would not vote on the question of Constitutionality, but simply on what they regarded as the merits of the law. Mr. Roosevelt has been sliding away from his original position pretty steadily; but in his Rochester statement he bids good-by to it completely. This is what he says:

> I am not advocating that the judges be coerced by public opinion in that the correctness of their decisions be directly revised by the people, but merely that the State Constitution be so amended that when the courts declare unconstitutional a statute *which it would be competent for the people by amending the Constitution* to authorize the Legislature to enact, the people shall at the next election have a right to decide whether or not they want such statute to become a law, and if the majority favor it then the Constitution shall be deemed amended to authorize it, and the people will have the benefit of it without waiting for years to formally amend the Constitution and reënact it and test it again in the courts.

In the words we have italicized, Mr. Roosevelt drops the Constitutional restraint overboard altogether. Whether he is unaware that he is doing it, or whether he regards the dropping of the Constitution as a matter too trifling to mention, we confess we feel quite unable to determine.

The forward-looking aspect of politics in New Jersey is emphasized by the large returns by which Gov. Fielder and ex-Gov. Stokes won the Democratic and Republican nominations. Despite the fact that both depended much on personal popularity, and the former on President Wilson's endorsement, their progressivism was clearly a main factor in the result. Acting Gov. Fielder's attitude towards labor legislation and State control of labor disputes, the adoption of newer forms of city government, and the cause of municipal ownership, represented a clear advance over that of Mr. Katzenbach. He had, moreover, a record of efficiency in helping procure for Newark the reforms he advocated. Ex-Gov. Stokes, whose nomination over three rivals was almost unanimous, represents issues that are expected to draw to him a large percentage of the Progressive vote. It is notable that the Progressives, who polled 147,000 votes in the last Presidential election, cast but a few more than 10,000 on this occasion; and that the victory of Colby over Osborne was the victory of a man who believes fusion between Republicans and Progressives "desirable and necessary" over one who holds it abhorrent from every point of view. The real contest thus promises to centre upon Fielder and Stokes.

The outcome of the Massachusetts primaries has certain large resemblances to the outcome of those in New Jersey. The old-party machines lost in their fight for a Republican nominee for Governor and a Democratic nominee for Lieutenant-Governor, and this in the face of the smallest vote in a State primary since the Direct Nominations law of 1911 went into operation. Only 80,000 Republicans and 70,000 Democrats went to the polls, although Gov. Foss received 193,000 votes and the Republican candidate 143,000 last November.

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That was in a Presidential election, but, oddly enough, neither party polled as many votes then as it did in 1911, if, for purposes of comparison, we count the Progressives in with the Republicans. And yet the contests of last week were particularly sharp. The Progressive vote was small for two reasons: there was but one candidate for the nomination for Governor, and the leaders of the party had advised their followers not to go to the polls. Gardner's victory, like that of ex-Gov. Stokes in New Jersey, is likely to bring Progressive waverers back into the Republican fold. The uncertain element remains the present Governor, who continues to drop mysterious hints at an independent candidacy. With both of the old parties divided, the Republicans would have strong hopes of success, even with a Foss in the field.

For the third time Baltimore has passed a segregation ordinance. The first two were thrown out by the State courts when taken to them by protesting colored people. It now looks as if the matter would have to be adjudicated by the United States courts, for the ordinance of last Thursday was drawn in accordance with the advice of the Court of Appeals, given when it declared the second one unconstitutional. This was rather an unusual procedure, and showed clearly where the sympathies of the Court lay. In its essence the ordinance provides that no negro shall move into a block which has a majority of white residents, and no white person shall buy or rent in a block if the majority of residents are black. It remains to be seen whether the Supreme Court of the United States will find such a restriction consistent with the guarantees of the Federal Constitution. Economically, this legislation puts iron bands on the real-estate development of Baltimore, and will, we believe, prove irksome to whites and blacks alike. It is absurd in this day and generation to return to the ghetto of the middle ages, abandoned by Europe long ago, and it cannot now be tolerated in a community which calls itself democratic.

Secretary Garrison took the only possible action in the matter of the eighteen West Point cadets who appealed to him over the heads of the Military Academy authorities to rescind their punishments for mild forms of hazing. Mr. Garrison promptly sustained Col. Townsley, the superintendent, and administered an additional punishment by girding at these cadets for their failure to take their punishment manfully. Had the Secretary decided on any other action, the discipline of the Academy would have suffered grievously; no institution of this kind could continue to do its work efficiently, if, whenever cadets were punished, they could, by letters to their families and their Congressmen, bring about the upsetting of the verdicts against them. A few years ago such an incident as this would not have happened. Unfortunately, Congress and President Taft set a bad example last winter by permitting the retrial and reinstatement of four cadets dismissed for having liquor in their possession. These cadets made a long political fight for reinstatement, finally inducing Mr. Taft to reverse the position of the War Department, which from the first had sustained the West Point authorities and refused to reopen the cases. Naturally, the reinstatement of these cadets after a second trial—the outcome of which was foreordained when Congress acted—has had a bad effect on the corps of cadets.

Fate thought to conceal him by naming him Pindell and making him an editor at Peoria, but President Wilson was not to be deceived and sought him out as the fittest man to represent the United States in St. Petersburg. The only delay in naming this Ambassador is caused by the necessity of inquiring whether he will be *persona grata* to the Russian Government. But it ought not to take long to determine this. Why should the Czar hesitate? The American press does not think any too well of him as it is, and if he were to intimate that he should not be absolutely delighted to take a country editor to his bosom, he would hear things from our newspapers that would make his ears tingle. Not much is known about Mr. Pindell except that he had something to do with swinging the Illinois delegation at Baltimore to Wilson, but we are bound to affirm that he has special competence, being an editor. Any man who challenges this ought in fairness to read a file of Mr. Pindell's newspaper for the past two or three years, and we rather fancy that the objector would yield the point long before he had finished. There are, to be sure, several important diplomatic questions pending with Russia. The abrogated treaty is to be replaced by another, and matters of immigration and trade, with the rights of American citizens travelling in Russia, are to be discussed. But who will be so un-American, so distrustful of democracy, as to doubt that Pindell of Peoria in Petersburg will be found level with all these high affairs of statesmanship?

Outrageous behavior of the "gallery" on the golf links is not, as one newspaper asserts, unknown in England. At the amateur championship last year, when Mr. Abe Mitchell was in the finals with John Ball, the friends of the former dominated the crowd and showed the most violent partisanship. Even they, however, would scarcely have been capable of loudly cheering at a player's misfortune in overrunning into a trap and so losing a hard-fought match. Yet this was done at Brookline last week when Travers lost to Ouimet. The club officials were naturally much mortified and publicly apologized to Travers for the discourtesy. Where the trouble arises is, no doubt, in the fact that miscellaneous throngs now go to see matches at golf of whom great numbers are ignorant of elementary sportsmanship and particularly of the fundamental etiquette of golf. They think of it merely as a spectacle where every spectator may yell delightedly at the error of a player as freely as when a grounder is fumbled or a fly muffed in a world series in professional baseball. It is probable, too, that the partisan temper of the crowd at golf matches is intensified by its habit of betting on the contest. Whatever the explanation, the thing ought to be reformed altogether. Mistimed applause at a golf game is a worse offence than at a Wagner opera. Those who know nothing of the courtesies and proprieties of golf should be kept off the links, or not admitted until after a course of lessons how to behave there.

There is not the novelty in Princeton's announcement regarding a distinction to be made hereafter between the mere "pass" man and the "honor" man that there was in her adoption of the preceptorial system. Harvard, for instance, has long encouraged the ambitious student by setting him free, un-

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der proper conditions, to work at a task without the requirements of attendance upon lectures, and so on, which are imposed upon the rank and file. Yet the oldest of American universities is still in doubt how to give the man of scholastic attainments something of the recognition which, without any faculty resolutions, descends upon the head of the athletic conqueror. This does not detract from the importance of the step that President Hibben and his associates have taken. The thing that our institutions of learning need is not some device for turning the cheers of the student body in the direction of their more scholarly representatives, but such emphasis, however quiet, upon the intellectual life, as will wake into activity whatever dormant interest of the kind may exist in the undergraduate's breast. This the system of "final special honors" is well devised to do.

"Historic passage" is none too strong a phrase for the trip of the first vessel through Gatun Lock into Gatun Lake. His countrymen will share, though in a less personal way, the satisfaction of Col. Goethals at the achievement. It is not simply that the dream of other ages and other engineers than our own is now at last so near fulfilment. The undertaking has been so stupendous that we could not be quite sure that it would actually be accomplished on anything like schedule time. Would not an unforeseeable accident, such as a landslide or an earthquake, happen at the final minute to spoil everything and show the impossibility of our generation, at least, driving the plough across the right little, tight little isthmus? Our reputation for doing what we set out to do was at stake. This feeling might not have been dissipated altogether by the successful journey of an excursion steamship through the lock; but when an every-day, prosaic tugboat does it, then, indeed, our doubts vanish.

The primary aim of the Administration in Mexican affairs has been the establishment of peace and constitutional government through the retirement of the central cause of dissension, Gen. Huerta. It is therefore with reason that a feeling of gratification is reported over the nomination of Gamboa by the Catholic party. In Mexico City, as in Washington, his candidacy and the drawing closer of issues between himself and Diaz are regarded as a virtual guarantee of the very things which Huerta so recently refused to pledge. This tacit yielding to our demand that the Provisional President should make no attempt to succeed himself, or to mar the impartiality of the election, is a victory marred only by the stubborn attitude of the revolutionists. As for their announced determination not to participate in the coming election, it can only be hoped that the pressure of events and the State Department will bring them also to a common-sense attitude. President Wilson has already intimated that a constitutionally elected candidate will be supported, whether malcontents choose to participate in the election or not. This intimation should have weight with all who really deserve the name "Constitutionalists"; and if a free and fair election actually occurs, and is followed by American recognition, the end of smouldering insurrection may be in sight.

The proposed dispatch of an English fleet of some twenty big ships, including eight first-class battleships, for a two months' cruise in the Mediterranean was probably not determined by the receipt of an autograph letter from the German Emperor promising not to raid Great Britain while the fleet is away. Even those opponents of Mr. Asquith who regard a German surprise as a certainty do not expect it to come off for another year or two. The reason for sending a fleet to the Mediterranean is that recent events have brought about notable political changes on the shores of that inland sea, in spite of which it is to Great Britain's interest to demonstrate that her own position of primacy remains what it was. Italy has established herself on the north coast of Africa, and still holds possession of a number of Levantine islands captured from the Turks. Greece, because of her recent victories, is planning naval expansion. The Bulgarians have reached the shores of the Ægean and may be cherishing dreams of their own. To all these aspiring nations the British Government now gives notice that, so far as control in the Mediterranean is concerned, things are to be as they have been.

The witches' caldron in the Balkans is simmering again. What unholy brew will be the final product, no one, keeping in mind the history of the Balkan Peninsula this last year, will be bold enough to predict. War between Servia and the new Albania, war between Greece and the Albanians, war between Greece and Turkey over Cavalla in Thrace, war between Turkey and Bulgaria as allies against Servia and Greece—nothing is impossible. After seeing Turkey reënter Adrianople and Kirk-Kilisseh, who shall say that it is altogether impossible to think of Turkey reëntering Salonica and Janina? The thing is conceivable. Vengeance against her late allies is the one passion that now possesses Bulgaria, and an alliance to that end with Turkey is not only conceivable, but is regarded in some quarters as having been already concluded. For herself, Monastir and Macedonia; for Turkey, whatever she can reconquer from the Greeks—that is the way Bulgaria might easily envisage the problem. If the Turks have indeed refused to enter into alliance with Bulgaria, it will have been only because they recognize that the present distracted condition of the Balkan peninsula redounds more to their advantage than the rebuilding of a powerful Bulgaria right at the doors of Adrianople.

After a long and painful illness the five-Power loan agreement in China has gone the way of all flesh. The end was foreseen from the moment when President Wilson withdrew from the arrangement and the six-Power loan became a five-Power loan. The patient died from pernicious anæmia and atrophy of the sympathetic system. Designed ostensibly as a method for setting the Chinese Republic well on the way towards economic regeneration, and to relieve the country at the same time from the fear of foreign intimidation, the agreement among the Powers soon evealed itself as subserving neither purpose. As against China, the manipulators of the scheme brought forward demands which called for the sacrifice by the Chinese of important sovereign rights. Among themselves, the Powers continued the old game of selfish intrigue. Fortunately, this was a situation by which the Chinese Government was able to profit. The struggle of political interests will undoubtedly go on, but under no guise of philanthropy.

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MURPHY AS PODESTA.

It is not an inapt comparison which the London *Times* has just applied to a Tammany boss. It likens him to the *podestà* of an Italian mediæval city. And here comes our ex-*podestà*, Richard Croker, to lend force to the analogy. As Lodovico Sforza fled to Germany, from the city which he had betrayed and looted, Croker left us for Ireland. But he chooses the occasion of the honor done by New York to Mayor Gaynor to send back comments on the city's government which are filled with the fine old Tammany spirit. And this spirit is wonderfully like that of the typical Italian *podestà*. If any one doubts it, let him turn to Sismondi's chapter xx, in which he discusses philosophically the causes of the loss of liberty in the Lombard republics, and their falling, one after the other, under the sway of a *podestà*.

This Italian antetype of the Tammany boss was not elevated to his bad eminence by personal merit. He might often be a man fit to be denounced, as Guicciardini denounces Sforza, for absolute *viltà*. Of unbridled greed when things were going well for him, he would display the utmost pusillanimity in adversity or defeat. Power he attained out of the misfortunes or necessities of his fellow-citizens. Sismondi cites the example of Martin della Torre in Milan. The city had fallen on evil days. Social order was relaxed and civic authority enfeebled. There was no sure guarantee of life or property. In troublous times like those a *podestà* was certain to press to the front, and Della Torre found his opportunity. His qualifications for rule were of the slightest, just as his character was of the most contemptible, but he succeeded in imposing himself on Milan because, in Sismondi's words, he had "l'art de se rendre nécessaire."

Now, this is what Tammany bosses undertake to do. They seek to make themselves necessary. From Tweed to Murphy, through Kelly and Croker, they assert that they are, if not the indispensable men, at least the necessary men. Without them the city cannot be governed. This is what they always imply, and frequently they are foolish enough to affirm it publicly. Croker does this in his impudent remarks about Mayor Gaynor. Gaynor was not a good Tammany man, and therefore he could not have given New York a satisfactory government. That is elementary in the Crokerian logic. All reformers make a mess of it when they get a chance to administer the affairs of New York. Expenses and taxes go up, vice and crime increase, the citizens are growingly discontented. That is the burden of ex-Boss Croker's contention, and one sees how perfectly he expresses the sense of the class to which he belongs, and which feels that it has a proprietary interest, almost a vested right, in ruling New York. An Italian *podestà*, if brought back to earth, would think and talk in just that way.

And Murphy's intellectual operations are exactly of the same sort. There is a mediæval directness about them. Here is a great city. The instinctive exclamation at sight of it is, "Was für Plunder!" There is a vast amount of municipal business to be done, money to be laid out, contracts to be let. We know what the attitude of an Italian *podestà* would be, in the presence of all these opportunities, and Murphy's is not far different. This mighty city budget, all for me to expend! All these offices for me and my organization to fill! And in return what does the Tammany *podestà* offer New York? Why, very much what was offered Milan by Della Torre. A fair degree of security for life and business. A police that will at least put down riots. In addition, favors to friends and to "good" merchants and corporations, with the constant preaching that New York is the finest city in the world, where no improvements are really needed, and where it is simply preposterous to talk about the crying demand for moral and social reforms.

If Murphy thus acts like a *podestà*, the blame is not all to be placed upon him alone. He, indeed, endeavors to make himself and his kind "nécessaire" to New York. But what of those men in the community who allow him and his sort of government to be necessary to them—who find, not merely satisfaction, but profit in it? There's the rub in all this Tammany warfare. We should see no *podestà* in New York if the city were not submissive to him. It was only the desire of many belonging to the wealthy classes in the Italian republics that they should be governed by despotic rulers that made the Italian *podestà* possible. Shall that be repeated in New York? If so, a future Sismondi will have no difficulty in tracing the causes of our subjugation.

THE UNIONS AND THE WATERTOWN ARSENAL.

In reply to the latest labor-union attacks, Gen. William Crozier, Chief of Ordnance, has again come out strongly in defence of the Taylor efficiency system, established at the Watertown, Mass., Arsenal. This is only what was to be expected. He is fortunate in being an army officer, and not dependent upon votes for the retention of high office; this leaves him free to speak the truth as he sees it, without fear of what may happen at the polls upon any given day. We are inclined to believe from his record that even if he were a Representative he would still have the courage to oppose the labor unions when he felt them to be in the wrong. If that is, however, in the realm of speculation, it is no guess that Gen. Crozier's advocacy of the Watertown efficiency system would in itself establish a *prima-facie* case for it, such is his reputation for clear thinking and for high professional achievements. He has, moreover, followed the development of the Taylor efficiency ideas at Watertown from the very beginning, treating them exhaustively in his annual reports in 1911 and 1912; and in the memorandum he has just submitted to the Secretary of War he is emphatically in favor of continuing the system which he has conclusively proved to have resulted not only in great savings to the Government, but also in marked benefits to the workmen.

Why is it, then, that the attacks upon it continue, and that a petition signed by 322 Watertown employees, asking for its abolition there, has been sent to the Secretary of War? It is because the unions have from the first been opposed to the Taylor system, whether introduced into private or public business. Every modern efficiency plan strikes at several of the most archaic and economically indefensible labor-union policies—the limitation of output, the standardizing of labor according to the speed of the weakest man, and the effort to uplift labor by regulating the number of workmen admitted to a given industry. Beyond doubt some of the opposition is due to a genuine misconception of what is aimed at, to a real fear that the

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whole scheme is to force workers to produce more than they should humanely be asked to accomplish, to "speed them up" and introduce the evils of the sweat-shop under the guise of a scientific application of their time and strength. It is needless to say that if this were the case, not only the labor unions but the conscience of the country would be aroused to protest. Instead of finding the most progressive employers, those particularly interested in their workmen, taking it up with the firm belief that they are benefiting their men quite as much as themselves, we should find them solidly arrayed against it.

Moreover, economic and industrial inefficiency helps no one, workmen or capitalists, and hurts the nation. A wasting of the physical strength of the laborers through overspeeding, such as the labor-union leaders charge against the Taylor system, would be nothing less than criminal. But we do not believe that any fear of this kind is the real reason for most of the unions' opposition. In our judgment that is due to the fact that, while the laborer profits much by the premium system, the leaders fear a loss of their power and their control of their men. At Watertown the experiment has now been going on for four years under army officers who would be the last to tarnish their good name by earning the epithet of "slave-driver," and are actuated by no desire for profits; the result is that, with the same eight-hour day as before, many of the workmen employed there are earning premiums (*in addition to* their previously earned wages) averaging 20 per cent. of their regular wages and running as high as 35.38 per cent., while the Government profits by an enlarged output of 60 per cent. That is, despite the labor-union contentions, there has been no decrease of wages, but a steady increase, and, of course, no change whatever in working conditions or hours.

In his report for 1912, Gen. Crozier estimated the savings in his department due to the Taylor system at $240,461.93, in addition to a saving of $122,789.61 from a more scientific use of surplus stock. This is the more extraordinary because even at Watertown the system is far from being universal. Thus, in the foundry there only 67 per cent. of the working time of the employees was given to jobs upon which premiums could be earned. In the month of May the average premium of all the premium-earning force was but $8.96, which went to 210 men out of about 600. These bonuses, our readers must remember, are not solely due to faster work under stimulus of extra pay, but result largely from the careful planning done in advance by men specially assigned to this task, whose chief duty is to free the laborer from every hindrance due to delay in getting material, or tools, or instructions, and to teach him to apply his strength most effectively. And it is against this enlightened system, with its increased wages, that 322 laborers have protested.

The explanation of these signatures can only be labor-union dictation; of that Gen. Crozier, after investigation, is convinced; and he believes that the leaders have promised that if the workmen lose this extra pay by the abolition of the system, they will use their political power to get Congress to raise their regular wages correspondingly. Here we have the sinister feature of the whole situation—that aspect of it which makes this Watertown issue of vital moment to the whole country, and far transcends the question whether the Taylor system does or does not help the workman. Shall the labor unions control the policy of the Government? Shall they dictate what manufacturing system it shall or shall not employ? Shall they, without just reason, compel the Government to conduct its arsenals wastefully and deprive the taxpayers of approximately half a million dollars a year, for nothing? There can be no doubt how these questions will be answered if the War Department is allowed to settle them for itself. It is the Congressmen, with their fear of labor-union votes, who must be watched lest they interfere, for political reasons, contrary to sound economic policy and common-sense. Hence there is much force in Gen. Crozier's proposal that the whole question be referred to the new Commission on Industrial Relations for investigation. At least it is clear that he fears no unbiassed scientific inquiry. True, a committee of Congress has already investigated the Watertown situation; its verdict was the negative one that Congress should not legislate about it. Some more positive affirmance of the Government's position is needed.

THE ULSTER CRISIS.

At Belfast there has been set up the framework of a provisional government to take over the administration of the affairs of Ulster when Home Rule becomes a fact and an Irish Parliament is installed at Dublin. The party of Protestant domination under the leadership of Sir Edward Carson has thus entered upon the constructive phase of its programme. The army that is to resist the forcible imposition of Home Rule has been in the process of organization for more than a year. A quarter of a million men signed the recent Covenant against Home Rule. The London *Times*, not an impartial observer to be sure, places the strength of the Ulster Volunteer Force at not less than one-half the number of signatures. Military drill has been going on, and within the last few weeks special attention has been devoted to the development of the signalling and dispatch-riding corps against the moment when the minute-men of Ulster shall be summoned to arms.

The situation throws into high relief the peculiar qualities which distinguish English political development and the spirit of English government from those of every other nation. In what other country could a movement like the Ulster uprising go on, even for a short time, without producing either panic or repression, or both? Sir Edward Carson is really threatening sedition and civil war. That he does so in the name of the higher imperial interests of Great Britain, and in terms of respectful consideration for the dignity of the Crown, does not obviate the fact that if the Home Rule bill receives the approval of King George, the Ulster Unionist leader is prepared to take the field in armed rebellion against his sovereign. One may imagine what the effect would be in France if a certain section of the population were to announce its determination to resist the sovereign will by force of arms. The cry for a man on horseback to save the country would be raised at once, and republican institutions would be shaken to their foundations. In England the crisis is severe enough; but already the feverish condition of the patient has begun to evolve an antidote. The spirit of compromise is in the air. From the Liberal side has come the proposal of a conference on Home Rule brought for-

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ward by Lord Loreburn. On behalf of the Unionists there is a willingness to talk business. The *Times* has declared that the Unionist party must make concessions; the time for unalterable opposition to self-government for Ireland has passed. And the other day, at Belfast, Sir Edward Carson admitted that if Home Rule fails, the south of Ireland will rise, even as Ulster threatens to do if Home Rule is forced upon her. "Great Britain must be accepted as the arbiter between the two parties," said Sir Edward. Here seems to be a plain offer to listen to reason.

What form can compromise assume? Among the Unionists in England there was till very recently a fairly general demand that the Government should submit the question of Home Rule to the country, either by way of referendum or by a dissolution of Parliament and a general election. But that solution is no longer feasible. Should the Government be defeated the extremists among the Unionists would argue that Home Rule must be thrown overboard; whereas the most responsible leaders of Unionist opinion now hold that Home Rule in some form must come. But furthermore, Sir Edward Carson has said in so many words that if the electorate should declare in favor of Home Rule it would not affect the stand Ulster has taken. For here apparently is a situation where God and one make a majority. One of the most tenacious forces in European history is now engaged in a struggle for survival—the Protestant ascendency in Ireland. There are not many causes whose roots still reach down so firmly into the past. There are not many population groups to whom the years 1641 and 1689 are so vividly near as to the Presbyterians of Ulster. It does not necessarily follow that Protestant rule in Ireland must endure because it has so long endured. Within the last three years England has witnessed, in the Parliament Act, the overthrow of a Constitution that went back earlier than modern England. It may be that the Government which had courage enough to tame the House of Lords will be bold enough to venture on the taming of Ulster. But it will not do so without very serious consideration.

In favor of a firm stand by the Government is the fact that Home Rule has been indirectly pronounced upon by the voters of the nation. In the elections that were fought upon the Parliament Bill it was quite generally understood, and virtually admitted on the Unionist side, that the shackling of the House of Lords was but a prelude to Home Rule. In favor of the Government is the fact that the justice of Ireland's claims has by this time imposed itself upon the conscience of the nation. Ulster admits this when it demands, no longer the maintenance of the Protestant ascendency, but the separation of Ulster from Catholic Ireland for the protection of the Protestant minority. In favor of the Government is the fact that even in Ulster the Protestant element does not overwhelmingly outnumber the Catholic population. The representation of Ulster in the House of Commons is evenly divided between Unionists and Nationalists, or shows possibly a majority of one for the latter. Thus when the Protestants of Ulster protest against being placed in the hands of a Catholic Parliament at Dublin, the question still remains, what guarantees there will be for the Catholic population of Ulster if that province is to be set apart from the rest of Ireland with a local government of its own. For the moment, however, the political vane points to compromise.

FRESHMEN AND LIFE.

This is the freshman's hour. Day by day during the past week entering classes have been asked by presidents and deans to consider why they have come to college and to remember that student days are but preparation for afterlife. Books for their special benefit also come out at this season. One by a professor mindful of a first year at college wasted lies at hand. It contains the usual admonition to young men to bear in mind that life is earnest, to maintain steadfastness of purpose, and to cling to the ideals of one's childhood. With its exalted purpose no one will quarrel. In America as elsewhere the number of freshmen who idle, or fall into grievous follies, through lack of timely warning, is large; and only by serious, straightforward talk can they be raised to their better selves.

Yet it is a question whether such advice does not misplace the emphasis. Neither in the comments just cited nor in the various addresses of college presidents which the book includes, are the possibilities of the essential freedom of collegiate existence sufficiently stressed. This freedom is what undoubtedly most impresses the freshman, be he by nature a loafer or serious minded; for the moment it is the central fact of his life. Issuing from the discipline of home or boarding-school, he finds himself in an atmosphere in which he seems to be master of his destiny. The resultant zest might wisely be taken by educators as a starting-point. In a negative sense it *is* so taken. That is, men are cautioned not to fancy that this is really freedom, and with such a lead it is easy to point out that no moments of life are detached from the thread of our being, that what we do to-day helps to shape our attitude years hence. Now, not all freshmen are weak, by any means; yet appeal is not made to the imagination of the strong as it should be. To them the hearty if raucous tone of a famous professor, now dead, would have a welcome sound. He used to urge certain young gentlemen to have experience. "It will cost you dear, but have it." The goodness of his own life forbade one to read into his words permission to do unworthy acts. Out of the strong cometh forth sweetness. If colleges are to maintain their distinction, the note must be struck by exceptional men, and the great opportunities of these should not be slighted by preoccupation with saving the unfit from hardships. Democracy in education need lead to no such extreme.

The democratic spirit has given to the accepted phrase "preparation for life" a meaning too strict. It is not necessary that all freshmen should be made to see the precise connection between college and the world at large. Colleges by splendid traditions have amply justified themselves, and the important point for entering students to understand is the opportunity for intellectual expansion which lies before them. The magic of pure speculation is something which even a boy, if rightly handled, can distinctly feel. From signifying preparation for life in a very general way, the college has too often, in the minds of educators, come to mean life itself, in the conventional sense. This it legitimately is not. What have the problems of pure mathematics to do with "real life"? Yet it would be a pity if mathematicians, sensitive over the clamorings of efficiency sharpers,

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should entirely forego their labors on infinity for nearer examples drawn from our everlasting shops and factories.

In some way the freshman must be made to think of college not only as a preparation for life, but also as being much detached from life. Properly used, college should be analogous to a journey to Europe taken for the purpose of better understanding America. Conditions in the two spheres greatly differ, but neither distorts eternal values. The point could be the more easily enforced because of the attitude in which even the freshman ordinarily presents himself. Emancipated for the moment he really is, as he imagines, and in a sense is free to shape the world unto his desire. The trust which at the outset many a boy places in the efficacy of thought as taught by his masters is pathetic when contrasted with the little that is done to foster it. In this country this disillusioning comes much sooner than in Europe. Take men fresh from Oxford. Almost invariably they show great self-assurance in applying their book-learning to life. Amusing they may appear to hardened worldlings, yet they testify to a wholesome state of instruction. From reading the accepted authorities and from discussing these as though they were still matters of live importance, they emerge with the "jump," as they suppose, on their less educated fellows. And it is indeed significant that Oxford, which in so many ways stands aloof from the world of the immediate present, yet contrives to prepare her sons almost at once to undertake pressing duties of the realm. Oxford men pride themselves upon having dwelt while at college in regions somewhat magical. It would be well if this magical element in college education were not neglected by presidents and deans at opening time. This it is, we fancy, which a rightminded freshman vaguely feels, and calls freedom; the pity is that too often he is not encouraged to convert his yearnings into a freedom of the noblest sort.

A DISTRESSING MIX-UP.

The *Nation* refuses to be a party any longer to a conspiracy of silence. A crime of extraordinary daring and startling moral turpitude has been perpetrated in this city, and it is time that the police should take cognizance of the affair. We refer, of course, to the kidnapping of the editor of *Harper's Weekly*. One dark night, within the last two months, Mr. Norman Hapgood was on his way home from the McClure building, on Twentieth Street, when a taxicab from which the registration number had been removed ran up close to the sidewalk. Four men leaped out from the cab, threw a sack over Mr. Hapgood's head, and hustled him into the cab, which set off at high speed in the direction of Brooklyn. Since that time, *Harper's Weekly*, though still bearing the name of Norman Hapgood as editor, has in reality been edited by his brother, Mr. Hutchins Hapgood, who is well known in the neighborhood as an exponent of philosophical anarchism and as an admirer of the propaganda of Miss Emma Goldman. This will explain the nature of much of the writing that has been appearing in *Harper's Weekly* under the initials "N. H." At first we were inclined to believe that this was simply a printer's error for "H. H." But a careful examination of several numbers of the journal once edited by George William Curtis has convinced us that it cannot be a succession of printer's errors that we are confronted with.

Nothing more characteristic has emanated from the pen of Mr. Hutchins Hapgood than the featured article entitled "Two Kinds of Mothers," which he contributes to last week's issue of *Harper's* under the initials "N. H." The article is by way of commentary on a double-page cartoon appearing in the same issue and bearing the same title, "Two Kinds of Mothers." The picture shows on one page a mother of the tenements nursing her baby, and on the other page a young woman in an extremely tight and generously slitted gown drinking champagne in a *cabinet particulier* in the company of a gentleman who might be a racetrack gambler or a prosperous gunman, or both. Gazing upon this picture and then on that, Mr. Hutchins Hapgood has draped the mantle of inspiration about him and written as follows:

> The ideal of motherhood is not to be lessened, but it must be supplemented. It must accommodate itself to the enlarged development of woman's mind and opportunities. That woman of Mr. Becker's in the private dining-room is a ridiculous-looking object, rather discouraging because she is trying only for personal power, and personal power through the use of charm only. She seeks excitement instead of service; and yet is there not a useful striving in the background? Perhaps not in the case of this particular individual, because, judging from the wolfish face of the man she is with, it is a very low aspect of pleasure that we have to deal with.

Then come some plain truths about those fiends incarnate, "our Puritan ancestors," supplemented by a statement of the self-evident fact that "emancipation from middle-class standards of taste, morality, and intellect is, so far as it goes, a good thing."

Fortunately, reason tells us that the usurpation of power in the office of *Harper's* cannot continue much longer. When the police have rescued Mr. Norman Hapgood from his place of confinement in the neighborhood of Bay Ridge and reinstated him in his lawful place in the McClure building, the restored editor will, of course, have a heart-to-heart talk with his brother. He will not reproach him for the act of assault and impersonation which, after all, was a bit of direct action and sabotage carried out with all sincerity in behalf of a cause close to the heart of the perpetrator. Neither will Mr. Norman Hapgood reproach his brother too severely for casting overboard our middle-class standards of taste and morality; he will content himself with pointing out that the tenement-house mother in the picture would seem to indicate that feeding one's babies is a virtue which is shared by the lower classes with the middle classes. But the evicted and restored editor of *Harper's* will take serious objection to his brother's repudiation of the intellect along with morality and taste. Possibly, we can live a while without morality and without taste; but if we abnegate the use of mind, how shall we be different from the beasts? And, specifically, without the use of intellect, how can one write magazine articles in favor of a new standard of taste and of morality?

JANE AUSTEN.

I.

It is peculiarly fitting that the story of Jane Austen's life should remain a kind of family heritage. The first biographical sketch was prepared by her brother Henry for the edition of "Northanger Abbey" and "Persuasion" published in 1818, the year after her death. The first full "Memoir" was written by J. E. Austen Leigh, the son of her brother James, and issued in 1870. Her "Letters" were given to the world, in 1884, by another nephew, Lord Brabourne; and now we have a new "Life and Letters"* compiled by the son and the grandson of the author of the "Memoir," and based largely on the two preceding works.

The story, however told, is not one of abounding interest; the letters, though characteristic of the writer and lightened now and then by flashes of her wit and satire, are too thoroughly domestic and reticent to afford of themselves much entertainment. We may admit that, and yet find the record precious in a way as offering the material of experience out of which the novelist wrought her inimitable pictures of society. Hers was a life singularly calm and protected. Her father, the Rev. George Austen, himself largely connected with substantial families of Kent and Hampshire and Lincolnshire, married a Cassandra Leigh, whose connections were wider and more distinguished than his own. In 1764 he became Rector of Steventon, "a small village tucked away among the Hampshire Downs," where his eight children were born, among them Jane, in 1775, the youngest but one. The rectory stood, we are told by the author of the "Memoir," "in a shallow valley, surrounded by sloping meadows, well sprinkled with elm-trees, at the end of a small village of cottages, each well provided with a garden, scattered about prettily on either side of the road.

**Jane Austen, Her Life and Letters; A Family Record.* By William Austen-Leigh and Richard Arthur Austen-Leigh. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. $3 net.

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. . . North of the house, the road from Deane to Popham Lane ran at a sufficient distance from the front to allow a carriage drive, through turf and trees. On the south side, the ground rose gently and was occupied by one of those old-fashioned gardens in which vegetables and flowers are combined, flanked and protected on the east by one of the thatched mud walls common in that country, and overshadowed by fine elms. Along the upper or southern side of the garden ran a terrace of the finest turf, which must have been in the writer's thoughts when she described Catherine Morland's childish delight in 'rolling down the green slope at the back of the house.'"—Who that has travelled in England has not seen such homes of peace, speaking to him of another age now almost mythical, and causing him to say in his heart, *O fortunatos nimium?*

The first break came in 1801, when for reasons unexplained, though the father's declining health may have been one of these, the family migrated to Bath. The resolution to move seems to have been made suddenly, and there is a tradition that the news was abruptly imparted to Jane and a friend on their return from a visit, by Mrs. Austen with the words, "Well, girls, it is all settled; we have decided to leave Steventon in such a week, and go to Bath"—whereupon Jane properly fainted away. On the death of the father, in 1805, the mother and daughters, now in straitened circumstances and partly dependent on the sons for support, left Bath, and, after some changes, settled at Chawton in Hampshire, in a cottage owned by Edward, who had been adopted into a wealthy family of Knights. Here Jane continued her quiet, loyal, busy life until her health failed, and, for medical attendance, she was carried to Winchester, from where she never returned—where she still lies, at rest in the nave of the great cathedral.

Her life was not without contacts with the greater world. Warren Hastings was bound to the family by intimate association, and when the Rev. George Austen took his bride from Bath to Steventon, they carried with them as a charge the six-year-old child of the Indian magnate. Of the sons of the family, some made distinguished places for themselves. One was for a time scholar and fellow of St. John's, Oxford; two became admirals in the navy, and another married the Comtesse de Feuillide, whose former husband had suffered death in Paris by the guillotine. But the echoes of this larger life as they come to us in Jane's letters are curiously toned down to the proprieties of a drawing-room in a country parsonage. We hear indeed of battles and adventures by sea, but she was chiefly impressed by the fact that sailors make doting husbands, and her real opinion of the profession is given in the closing words of "Persuasion," that it "is, if possible, more distinguished in its domestic virtues than in its national importance." The real material of her correspondence is afforded by the little domestic details of life, the receiving and giving of visits, private theatricals, and the conquests and defeats of a county ball at which the writer reports her own "profligate" behavior.

And her fiction comes from the same immaculate seclusion. Of personal connection with contemporary writers there is not a hint, nor is there in her books a trace of the literary ferment of the age. In the years 1797 and 8, while the Wordsworths and Coleridge were talking of high matters in the Quantocks and preparing the "Lyrical Ballads," Jane Austen was shamefastly making the first draft of "Pride and Prejudice," "Sense and Sensibility," and "Northanger Abbey," scribbling her sheets in the common "dressing-room," as they called the upstairs sitting-room at Steventon, and hiding them under her sewing from profane eyes. The years from 1811 to 1818, when her six novels were published, saw also the appearance of Shelley's "Queen Mab," Byron's "Childe Harold," Scott's "Waverley," Hunt's "Story of Rimini," and Keats's "Poems," and the difference in spirit between her novels and these works is the difference between two centuries. They are severed by the Revolution. In the great world all was turmoil. Statesmen, like Fox, were profligate in a way that needs no quotation marks about the word, armies were marching and fighting, kingdoms were remaking, the very bases of society were shaken—and in "Emma" and "Mansfield Park" we are transported into a world that seems to have been the same from everlasting to everlasting, into a kind of ideal centre of calm which was conceived, and for a time and in certain places actually realized, by the eighteenth century.

That is the point. This world in which Miss Austen's people move, concealed from the outer fray, like the heroes of Homer, in a circle of celestial mist, is no chance occurrence and no idle fancy of an inexperienced girl. Every one knows the generous and discriminating praise which Walter Scott set down in his diary, under date of March 14, 1826: "Read again, for the third time at least, Miss Austen's finely written novel of 'Pride and Prejudice.' That young lady has a talent for describing the involvements and feelings and characters of ordinary life, which is to me the most wonderful I ever met with. The big Bow-Wow strain I can do myself like any now going; but the exquisite touch which renders ordinary commonplace things and characters interesting from the truth of the description and the sentiment is denied to me." This exquisite power of feeling and analysis is no doubt the secret of the novelist's immediate charm—yet scarcely a secret, for no one can read a page of "Pride and Prejudice" without understanding the spell that is upon him—but there is also beneath this charm an evocation, an atmosphere, a meaning, a subtle interpretation of life, let us say boldly, at once ideal and real. She was not an historical novelist, like Scott, able to evoke some fragment of the past and throw around it the glamour of actuality. But she was historical in so far as the peculiarity of her surroundings and to a certain extent also of her genius enabled her to see, with a certain unconscious purity of vision, into the very heart of the society about her and to embody that society in undying characters, when the reality was beginning to pass away.

II.

It may seem pedantic, but for my part I cannot lay down one of her novels without reflecting a little on the philosophy which had come to permeate the life of the day like an all-embracing atmosphere and which was taken into the minds of the least metaphysical as naturally as the air into their bodies. Years before Jane Austen was born Bolingbroke had borrowed the guiding idea from Leibnitz and expressed it as an aphorism: "The seeming imperfection of the parts is necessary to the real perfection of the whole." The theory was in no wise new. Dr. Johnson, on what authority I have not stopped to inquire, derived it from the Arabian philosophers; it had furnished St. Thomas Aquinas ("Summa," I, xlviii, 2) with an orthodox explanation of the existence of evil in a created world, and was taken up by Spinoza ("Ethics," I, xvi) into his metaphysical chain of causes. From Bolingbroke it passed to Pope, who, in his "Essay on Man," developed it into a picturesque justification of the infinite scale of things, each right and happy in its proper place, so that there is no evil inherent in the nature of things, but only in the desire of man to escape from his ordained place; and through Pope and Shaftesbury and the other popular exponents of Deism, the doctrine entered into the very life-blood of eighteenth-century England. In 1757 Soame Jenyns, a gentleman and no metaphysician, had the temerity to publish a "Free Inquiry Into the Nature and Origin of Evil," in which the doctrine was supported unflinchingly by analogy to the orders of society:

> Thus, the universe resembles a large and well-regulated family, in which all the officers and servants, and even the domestic animals, are subservient to each other in a proper subordination; each enjoys the privileges and perquisites peculiar to his place, and at the same time contributes, by that just subordination, to the magnificence and happiness of the whole.

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In a review of his friend's book Dr. Johnson exposed the hollowness of such an attempt to elude the reality of evil, with a directness of thrust and a clearness of insight which render his treatise one of the profoundest discussions of the subject in English or any other language; but the idea of subordination as a divine institution was, nevertheless, deeply implanted in the Doctor's own heart and is the secret of his magnificent Toryism: "Order cannot be had but by subordination."

In the larger sphere of life this very practical Deism showed itself in a stubborn alliance of religion with the British Constitution against the spirit of growth and innovation, in "such a view of this world and the next," to use George Eliot's sarcastic words, "as would preserve the existing arrangements of English society quite unshaken, keeping down the obtrusiveness of the vulgar and the discontent of the poor." And the same words, if warmed with a little genial humor, would describe those quieter backwaters of society in which the people of Jane Austen loved and quarrelled and married. She herself had never read St. Thomas Aquinas or Spinoza, we may suppose; but she was well versed in Pope and Johnson and their school, and, above all, her mind reflected like an untarnished glass the things that were very close to her. In her view the philosophical alliance of Deism took the form of a county life at the apex of which stood the parsonage and the park, and the universe resembles, indeed, a family, large enough for variety and human enough, however well-regulated, to admit the spice of temporary jars and misunderstandings. We shall not expect in such a society to see religion touched with the fires of spirituality or lifted above the needs and occurrences of the hour. No doubt it had its consolations for the soul, and its very lowliness gave it with the finer natures a pervasive reality. We feel this, for instance, in the calm sentences of Jane Austen herself after the death of her father: "Heavy as is the blow, we can already feel that a thousand comforts remain to us to soften it. Next to that of the consciousness of his worth and constant preparation for another world, is the remembrance of his having suffered, comparatively speaking, nothing." But in her fictitious world religion scarcely appears even as a preparation for death; it is rather an assurance of subordinate social position. There are two parsons who play a prominent part in her novels. One is the Mr. Elton by whom Emma tries to raise her dear Harriet in the scale of gentility, and the other is the egregious, sublime Mr. Collins, upon whom Mr. Bennet bestows the well-received parting advice: "But, if I were you, I would stand by the nephew; he has more to give." The real place of veneration was not the church, but the park or the Great House, and the spirit of worship was not so much the emotions of the human soul in the contemplation of God as a loyal acquiescence in the existing institutions of a restricted and self-sufficient society.

III.

That may seem, and indeed is, a narrow field for great fiction. The exclusions were enormous; out of that charmed circle must be kept not only the social unrest that was prowling hungrily all about it, but even the deeper passions of the individual breast that might endanger its artificial balance. But at least, as we see it reflected in Jane Austen's novels, this restricted field was not dull. For one thing she had, with all her unquestioning loyalty, as sprightly a vein of satire as ever lent salt to native wit. Hers was not the satire of indignation—of a Swift rankling with hatred of human nature, or even of an Addison, who, like a Shaftesbury in easy-chair, would laugh away the foibles and absurdities of society; it was rather the biting but jealous sarcasm that the members of a close-knit family indulge in among themselves, in the assurance of privacy. There is, for example, no more proper ass in fiction than the egregiously self-satisfied Mr. Collins, nor a more impertinent monster than his patron, Lady Catherine. Nothing could be more delicious than our enjoyment of their baffled and blinded conceit when they learn of Darcy's intention to marry Elizabeth. Who has not rubbed his hands with delight in reading the last impotent, majestic words of her Ladyship to Elizabeth—who has not read them with unlessened delight a score of times?—"I take no leave of you, Miss Bennet. I send no compliments to your mother. You deserve no such attention. I am most seriously displeased." Who, on reading Mr. Collins's delicate letter of protest, has not said with Mr. Bennet that he would not give up that gentleman's correspondence for any consideration: "After mentioning the likelihood of this marriage to her Ladyship last night, she immediately, *with her usual condescension*, expressed what she felt on the occasion"? These are the things that Swift would have called genius and that would have added fame to the wit of Addison. And yet, if we take heed, they belong with the satire neither of the "Tale of a Tub" nor of the *Spectator*. Their author would have entertained her dear sister Cassandra shrewdly enough with the impertinences of a Lady Catherine in real life, but she would never have questioned the authority of that dictator of county standing, and when her Mr. Collins at the end offers a "parading and obsequious civility" to Mr. Darcy he was, after all, only expressing in his foolish way her own half-conscious notion of the Church as the upholder of the great social law of subordination. Nor should we forget that the awful Mr. Darcy himself, the truest hero Jane Austen ever conceived, does not altogether escape the same satirical touches. Yet if his "pride" seems to the reader at times perilously like a solemn priggishness, his position and his estate and his conscious superiority are the unquestioned reward of the heroine who affects a "prejudice" against him. Georgiana may have "listened with an astonishment bordering on alarm at her lively, sportive manner of talking to her brother," but, by Elizabeth's instructions, "began to comprehend that a woman may take liberties with her husband, which a brother will not always allow in a sister more than ten years younger than himself"; and we, who have been taken into the smiling confidence of the author, soon learn that she permits herself privileges with her people which in the mouth of a hostile alien would have filled her with amazement and shuddering alarm.

And so this critical humor turns out to be only another enchantment to bind us in the artist's magic circle. Oftenest, indeed, it eschews ridicule altogether and is unmistakably sympathetic. We laugh at the vanity of Sir Walter Elliot of Kellynch Hall, but we love him for his good looks and his devotion to the Baronetage. We chuckle at Miss Bates's flow of rigmarole, but we know that of such is the kindly kingdom of the county town. We smile at Emma's blindness to the presumptuous infatuation of Mr. Elton for herself, and at her efforts to raise her dear Harriet to the parsonage, but we know all along that Harriet will finally marry the farmer, that Mr. Elton will take the proper person to the parsonage, that Emma will go submissively and joyfully to Donwell Abbey, and all will be rightly disposed in this little hierarchy. And if meanwhile we are impatient with the heroine for delaying the fated order of things, it is only in the spirit of the chiding owner of the Abbey: "Mr. Knightley loves to find fault with me, you know—in a joke,—it is all a joke. We always say what we like to one another."

If ever the wit of the novels loses this tone of family intimacy and borders on what may be called external satire, it is when the author deals with the things which, however they may seem to have sprung from the heart of her world, were yet the beginning and sign of the coming revolution. The satire of the new mystery-mongering in "Northanger Abbey" is not very serious, but it is the ridicule felt for something alien and disturbing to her own order of ideas. So too her criticism of Mrs. Dashwood and Marianne in "Sense and Sensibility" is in one way nothing like as scathing as the naked presentment of a Lady Catherine or a Mr. Col-

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lins; their foibles are handled with wonderful restraint and with evident hesitation to hurt, but when she says that "common sense, common care, common prudence, were all sunk in Mrs. Dashwood's romantic delicacy," she was really touching on a new and widely lauded trait of character from which she instinctively shrank as from something more dangerous to her ideals than the ugliest insolence and servility; she had in mind the ravishing inroads of the school of "sentimentalists" headed by Sterne. Nor had she any more sympathy with the other aspect of the romantic invasion. "It is very true," she makes her Marianne observe, showing thereby her rare skill in discriminating traits of character and seeing their proper limits, for otherwise Marianne was only less sunk in "romantic delicacy" than her mother—"it is very true that admiration of landscape scenery has become a mere jargon. Everybody pretends to feel and tries to describe with the taste and elegance of him who first defined what picturesque beauty was." It is significant that Catherine Morland of "Northanger Abbey" and the sentimentalists of "Sense and Sensibility" must undergo a certain purgation of the mind and heart before they can take their place in the final happy tableau, so to speak, whereas Lady Catherine and Mr. Collins, though they may shift their ground and accept Elizabeth as the actual mistress of Pemberley, yet suffer no change of character, and in their unredeemed state are an integral and undisturbing element in Elizabeth's reward.

IV.

And what is this reward towards which all of Miss Austen's heroines are moving? Marriage, forsooth—and why not?—and in the case of Elizabeth, we are happy to add, a magnificent estate and position by the side of a great county magnate. "It is a truth universally acknowledged, that a single man in possession of a good fortune must be in want of a wife," is the maxim with which "Pride and Prejudice" opens, and we are sure that the wife will be supplied. It is strange, but this narrow world which Jane Austen portrays really believed that a magnificent estate and high position in the county were supremely desirable in themselves, and not as a means to something else; it seems to have thought that a man and his wife could live with contented conscience if they performed the duties and exacted the recognition belonging to their rank and authority. And the curious truth follows that, if we read the biographical annals of the age, we shall find that a considerable number of people did actually, within the limits of our poor human capacity, attain to peace and quiet joy in the possession of those worldly blessings, or, by some strange trick of the imagination, through contemplation of these things in the possession of others. An admirer of Tolstoy and the other modern idealizers of discontent may reject this happiness of acquiescence as ignoble and may denounce the religion of subordination upon which it rested as a betrayal of humanity; certainly they could exist only by the exclusion of many high aspirations and of some insight into the soul. But it will be wiser and more charitable, I think, to regard them rather as one of the momentary resting places of the human spirit, one of the illusions that comfort us in our long journey, and to feel grateful towards any author who, by whatever spell of art, is able to carry us back for a while to its shadows.

I would not exaggerate. It is perfectly true and obvious that the chief pleasure in reading Jane Austen comes from her almost miraculous knowledge of human nature within clearly prescribed limits. It is true that, when her genius flags, she can become dull and exasperatingly trivial. But withal, if we stop to reflect, we shall find that her power over us, whether to soothe or to annoy, depends also on our sense, perhaps only half-conscious, of that eighteenth-century philosophy as realized in the little centres of comparative calm which she represented so faithfully and which were already beginning to fade away.

P. E. M.

NEWS FOR BIBLIOPHILES.

With the assistance of a very thorough analysis of the content and structure of the cycle of mystery plays known as the "So-called Coventry Plays" or the "Hegge Plays," in a master's thesis by my pupil, Miss Esther L. Swenson, I have, I think, made an important discovery with regard to that puzzling document. The plays were edited by Halliwell for the Shakespeare Society in 1841 as "The Coventry Mysteries"; but their real home, together with any possible explanation of their form, has long been a matter of perplexity. It is clear that the cycle has passed through certain stages of development, and these I find in convincing agreement with the records of the lost St. Anne plays at Lincoln. As regards dialect, style, and content, it is not a radical suggestion to locate the Hegge plays at Lincoln, and without going into these matters, it will be sufficient for me to give the outline of my argument with a few of the more obvious pieces of evidence.

The prologue of the cycle represents an earlier stage of development than the cycle itself, a stage when the plays were processional throughout. Parts of the cycle were rewritten to be acted on a stationary stage; other parts remained as they were, and no important changes were made in the prologue. Some pageants, it is hard to tell how many, were used in presenting the cycle in its final form. Much of the cycle was, however, on a stationary stage, and probably the audience did not move in any case. Many important differences between prologue and cycle can be accounted for as adaptations to a stationary stage. There is also evidence to show that the Lincoln plays were partly processional and partly fixed. One of the minute books of the cathedral chapter, quoted by Mr. A. F. Leach in his article in the *Furnivall Miscellany*, contains an entry for the year 1483 to the effect that the Dean and his brethren, on Saturday, the chapter day of June, "discussing the procession of St. Anne to be made by the citizens of Lincoln on St. Anne's day next, determined that they would have the play or speech [Mr. Leach reads *sermonium*] of the Assumption or Coronation of the Blessed Mary repaired and got ready, and played and shown in the procession aforesaid, as usual in the nave of the said church." They had borne the expenses of this play in 1469, but it was apparently not a regular member of the cycle when the action above mentioned was taken. The manuscript of the Hegge plays, which is dated 1468, shows the play of the Assumption of the Virgin written in a hand slightly later than that in which the body of the cycle appears, not a sixteenth-century hand, however, as Halliwell states. This may indicate the time when the play was added to the cycle, but in any case the record indicates that there were both processional and stationary features in the presentation of the Lincoln plays.

The records indicate that they once had a Corpus Christi play at Lincoln and that it was transferred to St. Anne's day. The series of plays in the Hegge manuscript dealing with the birth and childhood of the Virgin distinguishes it from other Corpus Christi cycles and may well point to some connection with the festival of the mother of the Virgin Mary.

The text of the cycle in the manuscript is divided into separate plays by large red Arabic numerals. The plays often run into each other without any break whatever in the action. The Lincoln trading companies were bound under penalty during the first half of the sixteenth century to provide pageants according to ancient custom. The manuscript divisions may indicate scenes for which certain gilds were still held responsible. You also find that each alderman was required to provide a silk gown for one of the "kings." This has been thought to refer to the Three Kings of Cologne; but there were only three of them and there must have been more than three aldermen. In the Hegge cycle there are no less than thirteen kings in the unique prophet play, which, by the way, foretells the birth of the Virgin and not of Christ, and is therefore distinctly a St. Anne procession. Finally, from the year 1564, there is preserved at the back of a corporation minute book a list of stage properties some of which had been used in the recently acted play of Tobias, and others had manifestly belonged to the defunct St. Anne's day mysteries. We have, for example, "hell mouth with a nether chap," "Jerusalem with towers and pynacles," "a tomb with a covering," and a "firmament with a fiery cloud and a double cloud." All of these seem to be required for the play of the Assumption. It is not remarkable in the case of the first three, but with regard to the last mentioned strange piece of stage mechanism, it is much more significant. In the play of the Assumption in the Hegge cycle the

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Virgin Mary before her death expresses a wish to see the apostles, whereupon St. John arrives upon a "white cloud"; later St. Peter and St. Paul arrive together upon "diverse clouds." There are other smaller items that I could mention; but this is perhaps sufficient to indicate the basis upon which my contention rests, and I shall hope to carry the matter further at a later date and in another place.

HARDIN CRAIG.

Correspondence

ONE VIEW OF THE WILSON ADMINISTRATION.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Permit one of your old subscribers, who has never been in entire sympathy with the political sentiments of the *Nation*, to express his gratification that, amid your profuse praise of the Wilson Administration, you have found tongue to give us the editorials, in your last issue, on "The Bryan Scandal" and "The Consuls' Safeguard."

If your pungent criticism of the bestowal of ambassadorships and other high diplomatic posts to men whose only known qualifications are wealth and contributions to the Democratic campaign fund, is somewhat belated, it is just.

The pitiful degradation of the great office of Secretary of State to the level of a Mrs. Jarley Wax Works Show was going on for weeks before the thick-and-thin Wilson papers opened their eyes to the shame.

President Wilson is, of course, entitled to be judged fairly. His literary skill, his creditable record as a college administrator, his well-intended efforts and, at least, partial success as Governor of New Jersey, appealed to many of us who could not see our way clear to vote for him.

I hope it is not narrow or malicious partisanship that has led some of us to think that, in some of his acts, he has been weak where he should have been strong; while we do not ignore the meritorious things he has done.

But it is very hard for those of us to think that the terms "great," "masterful," "admirable," which have been so prodigally showered upon him, are connoted by such acts as signing the Sundry Civil Appropriations bill, retaining the self-advertising Bryan in his Cabinet, and the two other Secretaries who interfered with the course of orderly justice in the Diggs-Caminetti cases; or in selecting for foreign ministers men who have virtually bought these positions by money-gifts or by flattery.

Already the fruit of the exemption of farmers from the operation of the said appropriation bill is seen in the act of cotton planters in combining to keep a fictitious price for their product.

Unfortunately for all officials, from President down, inexorable history judges them by those acts which are lasting in effect; and they are remembered more for their errors than for their merits. President Grant did some excellent things during his two Administrations; they have been absorbed "in the sweet presence of a good diffused," but the venality and corruption of some of his trusted advisers have tarnished his memory.

Possibly the one act by which President Cleveland will be longest remembered—certainly it is one to which reference is constantly made in foreign countries—is his unwise Venezuela message. All this may be unjust; but such is the fate of statecraft. MILTON REED.

Westport Point, Mass., September 20.

"THE LION'S SHARE."

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Is there a more striking example of the slipshod character of current literary allusion than the constant misuse of the expression "the lion's share"? Archdeacon Stuck, whose recent ascent of Mt. McKinley has given him distinction, is cited in the *American Review of Reviews* as saying ". . . when I talk about Alaska, I mean the interior, which is the lion's share, though the other Alaskas would each make a great State." And hardly a day passes in which one does not hear or read a similar use of the phrase, although the fable of the lion in partnership, the sole source of the expression, makes the king of beasts claim "the whole thing." So pertinent is the phrase, in many legitimate applications, that it is a pity it should be spoiled by persistent misuse. WM. I. FLETCHER.

Amherst College Library, September 29.

AN EARLY GENERAL INCORPORATION ACT IN NEW JERSEY.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: It is generally agreed that the first act granting freedom of incorporation for any business purpose in America was a New York act of March 22, 1811, which conferred this privilege on groups of five or more persons associating with capitals of not more than $100,000 for carrying on certain forms of manufacture.

It is not widely known, however, that after four or five years of agitation (as indicated by the legislative records, 1812-1816) a similar law was passed in New Jersey (Public Act of February 9, 1816, p. 17). Except for doubling the minimum number of associates and the addition of a section intended to insure the education and moral well-being of the children to be employed by the corporations thus to be established, this statute is closely modelled after its New York predecessor; in fact, for the most part it is a verbatim copy, even to the use, in all but the added section, of the New York designation "trustees" instead of the New Jersey term "directors."

Unlike the New York act, which was kept in force and extended in scope, the New Jersey law endured only three years. On February 11, 1819, two years before it was due to expire by limitation, a repealing act was rushed through the Legislature without a single dissenting vote. And it was not until 1846 that freedom of incorporation for business purposes was again authorized.

The undersigned is desirous of knowing to what extent, if at all, this early New Jersey act was utilized, and the reasons why it was so readily repealed. During the years it was in force, and indeed until 1821, no special acts of incorporation were passed in that State for purposes covered by the act, although twelve such charters had been granted between 1811 and 1816. The period was, of course, one of business depression, but a number of charters were taken out under the New York law at this time; and a section of the repealing act suggests that some corporations had been formed under the New Jersey law. Has the episode come under the notice of any of your readers? JOS. S. DAVIS.

Harvard University, September 28.

GREEK-AMERICANS.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Many American journals have commented on the number of Greeks who went from this country last winter to their old home to fight against the Turks; but the significance of the return has not been overemphasized. Every American traveller in Greece this year has stories to unfold of cordial reception by the Greek-Americans. "Hello, mister, what State you come from?" was a very common form of salutation not only in Athens but also in the smaller towns of the Pelopennesus. Nor is this strange, since conservative estimates place the number of Greek soldiers who had been in the United States at from fifty to sixty thousand. Most of them, to use the phrase in Percy Mackaye's "Gettysburg," were mere boys. They had been in all parts of this country; and they spoke all kinds of English. Some who had been here six or seven years spoke very little English indeed; but many of these had been in mills and had lived in the Greek colonies. Some of the most fluent (and occasionally one heard excellent English) had been going to night schools. Undoubtedly at times a Greek-American would engage in conversation with a traveller to impress his friends at home with his knowledge of English. But more frequently such an encounter was a token of genuine friendly feeling and to a certain extent a greeting to a fellow-countryman.

As a class these soldiers were alert and intelligent; to a prejudiced observer they seemed to have had their wits sharpened in the Western world. They were devoted to Greece, as was indicated by the fact that many had seen the hardest kind of service; and that many naturalized American citizens were to be found among them. They were, or seemed to be, equally loyal to their home in the new country. Almost to a man they looked forward to returning here after the war; indeed, many had left their younger brothers in charge of shops and business during their absence. Many spoke of the fair chance which America had given them to make their living, and to get ahead. Of scores with whom I talked I heard from only one of unfair treatment; he had been under a dishonest railway foreman. To hear the comments of these men on our institutions served to make one a better and more liberal American.

Most significant of all is the influence, intangible but positive, of the fact that these citizens of two countries are spreading among the common people of their old home knowledge of life and institutions in this newer land. Is there any parallel in history to the return of such large numbers of men who speak gladly and proudly

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of their new home while fighting and dying for their native land?

KENNETH C. M. SILLS.

Bowdoin College, September 27.

Literature

KLUCHEVSKY'S "RUSSIA."

A History of Russia. By V. O. Kluchevsky, late Professor of Russian History in the University of Moscow. Translated by C. J. Hogarth. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. 2 vols. $5 net.

By the death of Professor Kluchevsky (1839-1911) Russia lost the most distinguished student of her native history, a scholar who united a talent for painstaking, minute investigation of sources with a capacity for viewing Russian history as a whole and making bold and original generalizations as to its general tendencies. One of his services to science was a detailed examination of the historical material contained in the lives of the Russian saints, a vast body of narratives of which the greater part are still unpublished; another was the formulation of a new theory of the origin of serfdom in Russia, one of the most vexed questions of all Russian history. Serfdom, he showed, took its rise not from any one edict of the Government, but, on the Government lands, from the taxation system of Muscovite Russia, with its principle of collective responsibility; and, more important, on the private lands, through the gradual decline into servitude of a class of tenant debtors. The authorities, by the legislative enactments that paved the way for serfdom, were merely guarding against the agrarian disorders that grew out of the indebted condition of the peasantry.

As a young man, Kluchevsky became known for his special investigations in early Russian history. (An excellent sketch of his activity is given by Professor Bogoslovsky in the *Zeitschrift für osteuropäische Geschichte*, III, 309-318.) At the University of Moscow he won equal fame as a popular expositor; "he always lectured in the largest auditorium of the University, and it was always filled to overflowing." In 1902 he began the publication of his lectures, of which he issued four volumes before his death; a fifth and concluding volume may be soon expected.

The first two volumes of this "Course of [Lectures on] Russian History," concluding with the extinction of the older Russian dynasty in 1598, have now appeared in an English version, previous to their translation into German or French. It is a wholesome sign of the growing interest in Russian topics that a translator and publisher could be found for such a work. For, despite the English title (unwarranted by the original), Kluchevsky's volumes are not a history of Russia, but a series of learned essays, dealing with successive aspects of the economic, social, and institutional development of Russia, and addressed to a public that is assumed to be already acquainted with the main facts of Russian history. Furthermore, the author makes little effort to preserve strict historical proportions in his discussion, but dwells with pardonable fondness on topics that have been the subject of his own special investigation, such as the growth and economic importance of the Russian monasteries. At home his lectures have appealed to the general reader and gone through repeated editions; in England and America they will be relished only by earnest students of history.

To such students Kluchevsky's work offers a rich reward. From Rambaud's chronicle of seemingly unrelated happenings one turns to it with real delight. Russian history was moulded by economic forces. Kievan Russia grew up along the great commercial route that connected the Black Sea with the Baltic; Kiev depended for its prosperity on trade. This trade, and with it the special importance of Kiev, passed away when the Russian princes became unable to defend the lower course of the Dnieper against barbarian incursions. The population retreated to the west and to the northeast; from the union of the latter colonists with the Finnish aborigines came the Great Russian stock. In the central plain of Russia, covered by forests and intersected by rivers, there grew up petty principalities, dependent for their existence, despite the forests, on agriculture rather than trade. The migratory rulers of Kievan Russia, with their roving bands of followers, were replaced by sedentary princes, who regarded their small appanages as their private property; public and private law became fused into one. When these appanages were united under the rule of Moscow, methods of administration fitted for a petty state had to be remodelled to suit the needs of a vast empire. Slowly the autocracy grew up, while internal dissensions were held in check by the clearly recognized need for union against foreign enemies. The administration of the empire developed on entirely different lines from those of Western Europe. An Anglo-Saxon reader is startled to learn how Ivan the Terrible introduced local self-government, with elected officials, as a means of centralizing his power, or how he established a sort of Parliament, the *zemski sobor*, in order to obtain more effective coöperation among his own officials.

At every step Kluchevsky supports his generalizations by a few well-chosen, convincing, concrete illustrations. Neglecting the petty quarrels of warrior princes, he always holds before us the picture of a whole society. He passes over even the military glory of Dmitri Donskoi; the princes of Moscow "were remarkable for their consistent mediocrity" (I, 315). Economic and social forces are Kluchevsky's heroes. Yet, when an individual really had a potent influence on the nation, he does not belittle his significance; to Ivan the Terrible he devotes a chapter of trenchant political analysis, reminding one by its literary charm of the work of Macaulay or Green. One may regret that a writer with such striking gifts of exposition failed to construct a systematic history of his country instead of a series of brilliant essays.

The preceding remarks are based on a study of Kluchevsky's work in the original. To the English translation no such hearty praise can be given. If technical discussions of ancient Russian conditions, dealing, for example, with the origin of *pomiestie* land tenure and the gradual fusion of it with *otchina* proprietorship, are to be made accessible to English readers, they should be translated with absolute accuracy. This is no easy task in a work bristling with legal terms, which often have no satisfactory equivalents in English, and abounding in heavy, involved sentences that require entire reconstruction to meet the demands of English idiom. But the difficulty of such a problem is no excuse for publishing an unsatisfactory solution of it. Mr. Hogarth makes the impression of a conscientious student, but one liable to occasional lapses of attention, and not quite adequately prepared for the work that he has undertaken. He ordinarily gives faithful translations of difficult passages, remodelled into excellent English, and shows discrimination in translating, or leaving untranslated, Russian legal terms; on the other hand, he will make blunders, due not only to carelessness, but to actual ignorance of the Russian language. Some of these mistakes are only amusing, as when Mr. Hogarth states that Sophia Palæologus "was known throughout Europe for her wit" (II, 17), instead of for her *extreme corpulence;* others are so serious as to impair the usefulness of the work as an historical authority.

Fully to justify so sweeping a condemnation would require more space than is here available. A few instances must serve as types. The Russian word *soslovie* means a class in society; the four present *sosloviya* are the nobility, clergy, townsfolk, and peasantry. Mr. Hogarth could hardly defend himself for rendering it "corporate body" (II, 312), as applied to the classes of mediæval Europe; he errs still more in extending the idea of corporateness to Russian conditions. Thus his sentence, "All these jurisdictions . . . were institutions corporate in their class character" (II, 289), reads in the Rus-

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sian merely, "All these jurisdictions had [lit. wore] a class character." In the sentence, "Now, was the general corporate character of *guba* administration a sign that in the state and among the nation at large there had begun to make itself felt a need for supporting or strengthening the joint action of the inchoate corporate classes in the work of government?" (II, 277), the words "general corporate" translate a Russian adjective meaning *all-class, extending to all classes,* and the second "corporate" should be omitted. The following statement is peculiarly misleading: "The essential points which comprised the basic principle of the *obstchina* (namely, common tenure of lands), may be said to have been (1) compulsory equality of apportionment, (2) strictly corporate character of the commune, and (3) a joint guarantee" (II, 207). Here the second item should read, "the strictly class significance of the *obstchina*"; the point being that only peasants could belong to the nineteenth-century Russian commune, and that a peasant could not ordinarily forfeit his membership in the commune without the commune's consent.

The following miscellaneous parallels may illustrate Mr. Hogarth's liability to error even in matters of crucial importance. (The Russian text used by the reviewer was that of the second edition of the second part of the "Kurs Russkoi Istorii," Moscow: Mamontov, 1908):

Constantine dispatched to Kiev the Greek Metropolitan Archbishop, with . . . his own (the Emperor's) cap — the cap, with its golden brim and its crown of carnelions, of which Augustus of Rome made so light. (Hogarth, II, 22.)	Constantine dispatched to Kiev the Greek Metropolitan Archbishop, with the imperial crown from his own head (that is, the Cap of Monomakh), and with a carnelion cup, from which Augustus, the emperor of Rome, had made him merry, and with a golden chain.
To call a man a boyar meant, in those days, not that he had been *born* one, but that he had been *promoted to be* one. (II, 44, 45.)	To *say boyarship* [obsolete legal phrase] to anyone meant to announce officially to a person that he had been promoted to be a boyar.
To-day our Tsar hath been set these three days in his chamber! *There* is it that he dealeth with affairs. (II, 64.)	At present our Tsar locks himself up with two others in his bedchamber, and with them transacts business of all sorts.
The land hath been ruled by ourselves, its Tsars, and not by judges or *voievoedi*, by devices or conceits. (II, 69.)	The land hath been ruled by ourselves, its Tsars, and not by judges and *voievodas*, not by commanders and captains.
The dues rendered by the local tenantry consisted of a monetary due, a cereal due, festival offerings, and tolls of 5 shocks of corn per *vit*—all of which (with the exception of the tolls, which cannot well be appraised) might be translated into . . . These examples are clear enough. Yet *data* are to be found which would seem to refute them. (II, 215.)	The dues of the tenants consisted of a rent in money and grain, of a money payment on holidays, and of five *squirrels* per *vit*. Converting all this into our present money, except the squirrels, which I cannot appraise, we find . . . The cases cited arouse no perplexities. But we meet with data such as puzzle the investigator.
Of *kormi* there were three kinds — namely, tolls levied when a new local official entered upon his post, tolls levied once only, and tolls levied annually, at the seasons of Christmas, St. Peter's Day, and Eastertide. (II, 249.)	The *kormi* were [of two sorts], the *entrance dues* [levied when a new official took office], which were levied but once, and the yearly standing dues, namely, those levied at Christmas, St. Peter's Day, and (in some places) at Easter.
While authorising boyars and *okolnichi* to dispense justice . . ., it forbade such officials to accept either "pleadings" (in modern parlance, briefs) or posts supernumerary to their *judicial functions*. (II, 252.)	It ordains that the boyars and *okolnichi* shall dispense justice, but that they shall not take "gratuities" [bribes] either for court service or for "caretaking," that is, for private *mediation* or services out of court.
To decide such questions joint sittings of the *Duma* and the Synod were held; which gatherings went by the name of *sobori* or conventions, and were altogether distinct from *lay* sittings of the *Duma*. (II, 262.)	To decide such questions there were summoned joint sessions of the Duma of Boyars and the Holy Convocation [*Osvyashchenny Sobor*]. Such sessions had the special name of *sobori*, which must be distinguished from the *zemskie sobori* [to which Kluchevsky presently devotes a whole chapter of his book].

Repeated errors of this sort are a most serious blemish in a work of primarily scholarly interest. They do not make one cease to be grateful for Mr. Hogarth's labors, but they dull the keen edge of one's gratitude. To point them out is not a pleasant task. One longs for the coming of a time when the same standard of accuracy shall be required of a writer on Russian literature or history, or of a translator from Russian, that is now expected of a student of German literature or history, or of a translator from German. Mr. Hogarth's work is more than that of a dilettante, less than that of a well-trained scholar.

CURRENT FICTION.

The Open Window. By E. Temple Thurston. New York: D. Appleton & Co.

The Odd Farmhouse. By the Odd Farmwife. New York: The Macmillan Co.

Familiar essayists, homilists, and nature chroniclers are increasingly prone to give their wares a coating, or at least a tinge, of fiction. There is a growing commodity of books which are "neither hay nor grass," neither fiction nor essay, but something between. By the same token, the number of confessed books of essays of the lighter sort diminishes. No doubt it is easier to follow in the general direction of the Autocrat than of Elia, and we suppose there is more profit in emulating "Reveries of a Bachelor" or "Prue and I" than in depending upon the casual flow of prose fancy.

"The Open Window" is the work of an Englishman who may have heard of neither the Bachelor nor Prue; but it is written in a similar vein of plaintive sentiment. The annalist is supposed to be an old vicar in his quiet parsonage with its books, his garden with its birds and flowers. There is an old wife, still beautiful, for whom he continues to cherish the romantic emotions of youth. She dies in the middle of the book, leaving him alone with a daughter, the only child, who is, however, "her mother over again," and who promises never to leave him. But, of course, the wooer comes, and the vicar must see that his child does not suffer for his sake. We leave him, returned to his lonely home after the wedding, and visiting in turn the chambers of his lost daughter and his lost wife.

"The Odd Farmhouse" is more in the vein of "Elizabeth and Her German Garden." The American woman married to an Englishman has figured in more than one book of this general sort of late. In this instance, however, she is an American woman of quite uncommon cleverness and charm. In place of the familiar smartness and flippancy, the "bright" comments on British customs, there is a quiet flow of real humor, an unforced commentary on a very pleasant kind of life by a person ripe enough in mind and heart to deserve such a life. The married pair who stumble upon "the odd farmhouse" in a quiet corner of England have been through a hard apprenticeship of work, and relish their freedom as only the long-imprisoned can: "Now we get drunk on sunshine, liberty, and leisure. 'Time hath made me his numbering clock' once, so now I have the perfected sense of time; I waste it with a conscious luxury. I squander, but I know the worth of every minute, unlike the bored, rich people round us, whose leisure is a kind of mould and mildew—a fungoid resulting from disuse of life."

Diamond Cut Diamond. By Jane Bunker. Indianapolis: Bobbs-Merrill Co.

"I now have a very simple recipe for a jaded one who wishes to gather the quintessence of excitement in an evening: Just rush out of a house where somebody is about to be arrested and make your way from Sixty-somethingth Street and West End Avenue to a Hundred and Forty-fifth Street in the dead of night with a million dollars' worth of somebody else's diamonds in your stocking!"—The publishers tell us, with the superfluous cunning of their trade, that a great and well-known lady of the pen masquerades under the name of "Jane Bunker." Does Mrs. Rinehart, of Pittsburgh, suppose that the possessor of this "very simple recipe for a jaded one" could be any other compounder of detective thrills and merry delights than the author of "The Circular Staircase" and "The Amazing Adventures of Letitia Carberry"? And, in the sentence quoted, she has been kind enough also to furnish the jaded reviewer with his recipe. The old maid of the story finds herself in just the situation described, and the fun of the thing is to see how she defends herself and the diamonds against stratagem and siege until the mystery of the ownership is solved. Not the least original feature of the plot is the introduction of a reporter who is not wiser than Sherlock Holmes and stronger than Sandow.

Margery Fytton. By Alice Ridley. New York: Duffield & Co.

Some of the most ancient and honorable materials of British fiction are here. The Fyttons have dwelt for cen-

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turies in an old, dark, gloomy country-house, which is a county show-place by virtue of its architectural purity. The family has a motto:

Swart and comely, lissom and tall,
We are the Fyttons of Fytton Old Hall,
Fytt-ones to rank with the best of you all.

In such fashion, with the content and rhythm of an American college yell, did the pride of old England assert itself. The incumbent squire, Hugh Fytton, is worthy of his lineage, a tall, dark, stern man, who worships the family name and the family estate. His hopes of a male heir have been disappointed, but the daughter to whom his wife has at last given birth is to be the heir for all that. The wife dies, and a packet of letters is found which betrays the fact that the girl is not a Fytton at all. Thereupon the true Fytton turns harshly upon the false one, and makes a will in favor of a hitherto despised nephew. After that the right and satisfactory sort of thing happens. The nephew is a rough diamond, born in Australia, and therefore clumsy of hand and unruly of hair. Margery hates him. He adores her. He does not wish to accept his inheritance, and tries to restore it to her, but such things are not done in England. There is only one way out, and that, of course, has been predestined from the beginning of time.

Succession. By Ethel Sidgwick. New York: Small, Maynard & Co.

In this story Antoine Edgell, the youthful genius of "Promise," again appears as leading figure. The earlier narrative, it will be recalled, left him on the threshold of remarkable achievement as a violinist. His English father had given up the attempt to make an English boy of him, had withdrawn him from the public school in which he was so hopelessly out of his element, and had turned him over to the care of the French grandfather and uncle, who would be sure, at least, to make the most of his bent for music. The grandfather is a composer of note, the uncle a martinet under whose rule Antoine becomes master of the violin. In point of time, this record brings us along only a few years further than the earlier one.

There are not a great many events to be chronicled. Antoine studies his instrument, always more or less at odds with his teacher. He makes a friend or two, but remains essentially a solitary. He plays at a few concerts, and succeeds—when his nerves and sensibility are not too much for him. He differs from normal youth in his retention of childish simplicity. He weeps easily, his speech has the elisions and the fancifulness of infancy. We suspect that most male readers may get rather tired of his artlessness, in the course of these five hundred pages. Probably the rule is that if you can endure the "artistic temperament" at all, you can endure any amount of it. Your attitude towards such a person (in fact or in fiction) as Antoine Edgell, depends upon whether you accept or reject the allegation of his genius. In "Promise" Miss Sidgwick did make her Antoine a moving figure, even in the eyes of less sympathetic readers: a kind of lost seraph he seemed, pathetically groping in an unfamiliar world. But we can have too much of pathos. The prattle and fatuity of greatness are, after all, blemishes rather than charms; let genius be adored, but not because it is an ass.

The Charming of Estercel. By Grace Rhys. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.

"Historical romance" has earned a bad name for artificiality. The great figures which are trotted out upon these amateur stages as a rule are stuffed with straw. The great events involved become spectacular episodes arranged for the convenience of the romancer. The style is a broken lingo of obsolete words and modern slang. Very rarely do we come upon a narrative to suggest, even remotely, the vigor and ease of a Scott or a Dumas. This story at least does that. It is not a great romance, but it is a good one, spontaneously and skilfully told. The occasion is the uprising of the North of Ireland, under Tyrone O'Neil, and the expedition of Essex, sent forth by Elizabeth to put an end to the rebellion. But the occasion remains a setting for the romance proper, which has to do with a youth and a maid among the followers of Tyrone. Both are of gentle blood. Estercel, the hero, is a lad of prodigious size, strength, valor, and simplicity; his Sabia is the slender and tender damsel of old. Estercel has a marvellous horse, who plays an important part in the story. Various improbable, not to say impossible, events occur, before we are done with the pair. In short, we have here the ancient materials of romance. But they are not dealt with in a commonplace or perfunctory manner. It is clear that the author has enjoyed her graceful labors. The style is charming, with a suggestion of archaism in its rhythm and subtler turns of phrase, rather than in its vocabulary. A few slips into the modern vernacular may be noted; but they are very few.

SAINT FRANCIS.

Life of St. Francis of Assisi. By Father Cuthbert, O.S.F.C. New York: Longmans, Green, & Co. $3.50 net.

Whenever St. Francis in his reading came upon a passage which stimulated his thought, he would read no further, but closed the book and pondered on what he had read. He who should read Fr. Cuthbert's volume by such a method would be long in coming to its end, for the passages worth pondering are many. Here are a few that carry some effectiveness even in brief quotation:

Francis' turning towards religion did not raise a barrier between him and the earth, but the earth itself became transformed in his sight and gave him a new joy. In earlier days he had regarded it with a certain eager reverence as the scene and circumstance of high chivalry; now he looked upon it with even greater reverence because of this new life revealed in it, and found in it an even greater joy.

It were easy to brand the dissident brethren as weaklings in their vocation or as traitors to Francis. That some of them merited to be thus branded is doubtless true. But for the most part they sincerely reverenced Francis and were proud to own him their leader. They felt the stirring of his spirit and gladly responded to it, as far as it was in them to respond. With these the trouble was not of their own making; it was the perennial difficulty found by a multitude in accepting as a guide in life, an ideal which demands a clear, spiritual insight and a more than common aloofness from the set ways of the world. In such case men suffer because of a lack of the rare simplicity required for the perfect understanding and realization of the ideal life proposed to them. They are pulled by two loyalties and are apt to cut an unheroic figure in consequence. And yet were it not for such men the world would be much the poorer morally and spiritually. They retail the spiritual life much as the ordinary student retails the message of a master, and it is through the more commonplace intelligence that the genius permeates the world.

The mystic of all ages has held that life itself cannot be adequately measured by the mere logical faculty of the mind, but only by the intuition of the whole personality when attuned to the truth by moral as well as mental discipline.

Among the longer passages that bring especial pleasure are the clear account of the place of the early Franciscans in town and village life, and the finely humanized description of the valley of Rieti.

Fr. Cuthbert's work is the first scholarly English biography of St. Francis. In its general plan and in its thoroughness it is very like Sabatier's familiar "Vie de S. François." Since that book was written the fervor of Franciscan study has brought to light a number of important documents, and has clarified many problems that were then obscure. Fr. Cuthbert thus has the advantage of being able to use much new material. In tone the English and French biographies differ greatly. The earlier one is instinct with dramatic imagination, the later is weighty with mature reflection. Sabatier's Francis moves surely and rightly, but not without a certain sharpness of change from scene to scene. Fr. Cuthbert's slower study is more careful in the tracing of the least transitions.

The "Nihil obstat" warns the reader at once that nearly all of the traditional

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material is accepted as true, yet there is nothing polemic in this quiet ordering of the legend. And the life of the book is not in its treatment of fact or story; it is in the patient, sympathetic, sensible reconstruction of the inner experience of St. Francis. The analysis is constantly reasoned, and reasoned with finished cogency. "This was indeed the man," one feels; and such knowledge of such a man is to be treasured. Not for all is the life he led—nor did he ever claim it was for all—but life can hardly fail to be a finer thing for understanding of the way he viewed it.

Fr. Cuthbert overemphasizes the importance of Francis's knowledge of the romances of chivalry. The early chroniclers are doubtless right in ascribing to him certain interesting references to the stories of Roland and Arthur; but it is surely too much to say that "Francis' idea of obedience was in truth drawn from the romance of chivalry," and to find so often a romantic basis for Francis's thoughts and actions. In attributing to Francis the knowledge and use of Provençal, Fr. Cuthbert is quite unjustified. The passages he has in mind indicate familiarity with French, not with Provençal; and there is no reason to believe that the troubadours ever visited the towns of central Italy. Any good modern history of Italian literature would have set Fr. Cuthbert right on this point; he refers to Fauriel!

More frequent specification of dates would have been helpful. As it is, one has often to turn back half a dozen chapters, tracing statements in terms of months and seasons, to ascertain the year of a particular event. There are many misprints, the saddest of which transforms poor brother Juniper into "brother Jupiter." The illustrations are from remarkably fine photographs of scenes in Umbria.

Notes

The prose romances of William Morris will soon be added to the Pocket Library of Longmans, Green & Co. In October will be issued "A Dream of John Ball," "A Tale of the House of the Wolfings," and "The Roots of the Mountains" (two vols.); to be followed in November by "The Wood Beyond the World," "The Well at the World's End" (two vols.), and "The Story of the Glittering Plain." Early next year the series will be completed by the publication of "The Water of the Wondrous Isles" (two vols.), and "The Sundering Flood" (two vols.).

Small, Maynard & Co. announce for publication October 18 the following books: "Famous Modern Battles," by A. Hilliard Atteridge; "Lely and the Stuart Portrait Painters," by C. H. Collins Baker, a two-volume set with 240 illustrations, limited to fifty sets; "Divided," a novel of South Africa, by Francis Bancroft; "At the Fountain Head," five stories on the origin of life, for parents and teachers, by Dr. William F. Boos; "The Progressive Movement: Its Principles and Its Programme," by S. J. Duncan-Clark, with an Introduction by Theodore Roosevelt; "Barn Doors and Byways," a volume of nature and descriptive essays, by Walter Pritchard Eaton; "Fifteen Years of a Dancer's Life," by Loie Fuller, with an Introduction by Anatole France; "The Human Desire," a novel, by Violet Irwin; "Mrs. Brand," a new novel, by H. A. Mitchell Keays; "And Then Came Jean," a new novel, by Robert Alexander Wason; and "Little Wars," a profusely illustrated book for boys and girls, by H. G. Wells.

Mr. Basil Williams has completed for Longmans, Green & Co. his two-volume Life of the elder Pitt, and the work is now in press.

The Medici Society is bringing out, through Lee Warner, "Antiquities of India, an Account of the History and Culture of Ancient Hindostan," by Dr. Lionel D. Barnett, and a revised and enlarged edition of Dr. Budge's translation of "The Book of the Dead," reproduced in thirty-seven folding colored plates.

George Routledge & Sons will publish shortly "A History of Emigration from the United Kingdom to North America, 1763-1912," by Stanley Johnson, and "Practical Library Administration," by W. S. C. Rae.

Putnams bring out this week: "Watersprings," a romance, by A. C. Benson; "Unruly Daughters," a romance of the House of Orleans, by H. Noel Williams; "The Ripple," by Miriam Alexander; "Fouquier-Tinville, Public Prosecutor of the Revolutionary Tribunal (1746-1795)," by Alphonse Dunoyer, and "Auction High-Lights, with a Full Exposition of the Nullo Count," by Florence Irwin.

The following titles will be published shortly by Sturgis & Walton: "Heroines of Modern Religion" and "Yankee Swanson," by Capt. A. W. Nelson.

Mr. Willy Pogany, the Hungarian artist, has designed the illustrations and decorations for "The Hungarian Fairy Book," by his brother, Nandor Pogany, which Fisher Unwin issues this week.

On October 22 the new Graduate College of Princeton, together with its Cleveland Memorial Tower, will be dedicated. On that day the Princeton University Press will publish in three volumes the Stafford Little lectures which Mr. Cleveland delivered at Princeton in 1900, 1901, and 1904. The titles of the three volumes are "The Independence of the Executive," "The Venezuelan Boundary Controversy," and "The Government in the Chicago Strike of 1894."

The Princeton University Press will publish on the same date "The Graduate College of Princeton," by Andrew F. West. Views of the new Graduate College are shown in twelve full-page pen-and-ink sketches by John P. Cuyler.

The first book of Andersen Nexo's Danish tetralogy may be expected from the press of Henry Holt in a few weeks. It bears the title "Pelle the Conqueror." The work is said to resemble, in style and compass, "Jean-Christophe."

The same house will issue on October 4: Prof. J. E. Hagerty's "Mercantile Credit"; an *édition de luxe*, in two volumes, of Burton E. Stevenson's "Home Book of Verse," and a pocket edition of William James's "On Some of Life's Ideals." For later in the season Holt promises "When Ghost Meets Ghost," a novel by William De Morgan, and "All Men Are Ghosts," a book of short stories by L. P. Jacks.

Scribners have a new cleanly printed complete edition of "The Poems and Ballads of Robert Louis Stevenson."

The last examination before appointments are made of those who will attend the 1914 session of the vacation assembly at Baguio, the summer capital of the Philippines, as a preparation for their work with the Bureau of Education, is announced by the United States Civil Service Commission for December 30-31, 1913, in various cities throughout the United States. From the eligible list thus procured appointments will be made during the coming spring for service in the Philippine Islands, beginning with the opening of schools next school year.

The changed conditions affecting the world's supply of food and mechanical energy were the main subject of Prof. H. N. Dickson's presidential address in the Geographical Section of the British Association. The waterfalls of the Alps, for instance, are converting northern Italy into one of the world's great industrial regions, and possibly vast manufactures will soon be carried on in what are now the immense agricultural regions of China, worked by power supplied from the great coal deposits of Shan-si. Referring to the changes in transport conditions, he said that they tend to make the road motor of incalculable importance in the future development of food-producing areas. Dr. W. S. Bruce, in a paper on Spitzbergen from the economic and political standpoint, urged its immediate annexation by Great Britain in order to protect the claims of British subjects, which are predominant there.

The July number, just out, of the *American Journal of International Law* opens with the presidential address of Senator Root, delivered at the last meeting of the American Society of International Law in April of this year. It happened that the first day of the Society's annual meeting was just fifty years after President Lincoln's promulgation of Order No. 100, embodying instructions for the government of armies in the field; and as the principal work of formulating these instructions was performed by Prof. Francis Lieber, Mr. Root deemed it appropriate to consider and review the career and services of that distinguished author, whom the writer of this note remembers as often appearing at Union meetings held during the period of the Civil War, and occasionally speaking, very clearly and impressively. Bluntschli is quoted as crediting Lieber, in the Instructions, with inspiring him to undertake his own works on international law. The force of this American example is admitted by Sir Henry Maine (whom Mr. Root does not quote), who said, twenty-five years ago: "This example—the formation of a practical Manual stating for the officers of each nation what exigencies they were to be prepared for in actual contest and how they were to

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deal with them—was followed by Germany, by England, and by France, and some of these Manuals have been adopted by smaller Powers." Mr. Root summarizes his services as a scholar, and incidentally as a soldier under Blücher, when he was wounded in the battle of Waterloo, and again on the field of Namur, where he was left for dead. Mr. Edwin M. Borchard has an important paper on "Basic Elements of Diplomatic Protection of American Citizens Abroad." It was necessary to consider the subject in several aspects, such as legal relations between citizens and States, between States and aliens resident therein, and between States themselves, with respect to their rights, and their responsibilities in case they have been guilty of delinquencies. The writer declares correctly that the history of the relations between citizens and States is largely a history of the transition from the system of personal laws to the territoriality of law. This has been accompanied both by a growing control of a central power over the individuals within its jurisdiction and by the feeling that territorial independence and sovereignty are essential qualifications for admission of a State into the society of States. He cites the fact that Congress exercises the right to regulate certain acts of United States citizens abroad, and to attach prescribed consequences to violations. He concludes that diplomatic protection, as a governmental function, results from the very nature of the State. Besides a lengthy paper on the sovereignty of the air in relation to aviation, and one on the position of the prisoner of war, should be noted the complete opinion of Justice Lurton, for the United States Supreme Court, in the Charlton case.

It was Frederic Harrison to whom occurred the fantastic idea that a great writer, possessed of a volumnious book-knowledge and as comprehensive an intellect as Gibbon, might some day codify the world's imaginative literature, as Cæsar and Napoleon codified the world's laws. Ernest A. Baker's "Guide to the Best Fiction" (Macmillan), so amplified a version of an earlier publication as to be virtually a new work, is perhaps a step in such a direction; it attempts to list all worthy works of fiction in English, including translations, and to characterize the contents and style of each summarily and instructively. It must be adjudged that in spite of the obvious difficulties of the task the author has produced a guide of great value to students, librarians, and writers. What faults it has are rather on the side of deficiencies than positive defects. The compiler might with justice have spoken of his undertaking as Dr. Johnson did of his dictionary—"to deliberate whenever I doubted, to inquire whenever I was ignorant, would have protracted the undertaking without end and perhaps without much improvement." If completeness be a test, the guide is by no means infallible. "English and French Fiction Before 1600" is a list which makes little pretence to a scholarly fulness, and there are other departments in which the design of the book as a popular, rather than an exhaustive, work of reference, has crowded out desirable material. Lacunæ are more evident from the fact that in modern literature there is such a repletion of entries on the side of ephemeral and inferior works as repeatedly to provoke exclamation at the inclusion of the word "best" in the title. Only those acquainted with the terrifying output of present-day fiction can appraise the indiscretion of admitting by wholesale writers born but into oblivion, even on the ground that "every age is most interested in its contemporaries."

The author's definition of fiction is at times open to serious criticism, as when he excludes imaginative travel—*e. g.*, Borrow's "Wild Wales"—and novels of propaganda—*e. g.*, Sinclair's "Springtime and Harvest"—to include "Lavengro" and "The Jungle." The general arrangement of the book again, and a serviceable index, facilitate search for particular items. But it is annoying that in the frequent instances in which a pseudonym has been used the author's real name does not appear in its alphabetical position; that with no other books listed by title, there is not a general heading for anonymous works, and the "Nova Solyma," for example, falls under N; and that many important short stories, published separately in some editions, in collected form in others, receive no specific mention. A cultivated reader might well be pardoned for knowing no more of T. N. Page than "Marse Chan," which is not listed; and many might look for a brief description of "The Gentle Boy," or "Christ in Flanders," or at least be anxious to learn in which general volume it is contained. To American literature is given a special and bulky chapter, but that of South Africa, Canada, and Australasia, no longer insignificant in quantity, is included with the mother country's. The lists of translations of ancient Greek and Latin and ancient and modern Asiatic fiction will be found especially valuable, and approach comparative completeness. One service the author has rendered is in calling the publishing world's attention to the want of translations of much of the better work of such writers as Gautier, About, and de l'Isle-Adam—to mention France alone.

Prof. Goldwin Smith's "Correspondence" (Duffield), selected and edited by Arnold Haultain, covers the long span of years from his student life at Oxford in 1846 until his death at Toronto in 1910. His letters, as one would expect, are of unusual charm on account of their style and the author's vigorous personality; and they are of value to the student of history and politics because of the keen-edged criticisms with which Canadian and English problems are discussed. For he had a truly great intellect; "vastiest Goldwin" he had been called at Oxford. Among his intimate correspondents were such men as John Bright, Cobden, J. S. Mill, Matthew Arnold, Morley, Bryce, Frederic Harrison, the third Earl Grey, and Lord Rosebery. To J. X. Merriman, Premier of Cape Colony, who, with a view to South African Federation, had asked Goldwin Smith questions in regard to Canada's constitutional experience since 1867, Goldwin Smith expressed himself with characteristic frankness and incisiveness. When the Boer War broke out Merriman in return supplied him with some thunder for his anti-Jingo campaign in Canada. The only two Canadian papers which opposed the war were the two to which he contributed, and in opposing it they lost half their circulation.

For half a century and more Goldwin Smith stood like a great rock in a river, breasting the current powerfully with his arguments and essays, but not greatly checking its mighty sweep towards the sea of party-government, pseudo-democracy, militarism, imperialism, and Irish Home Rule. It is sad to see how he was disappointed in some of his fondest hopes and in his expectations of men in public office. He believed the union of Canada and the United States would come as surely "as the rising of to-morrow's sun." He deplored the extension of the suffrage in England; "factory hands are bad material for a nation; they are mere human hammers and spindles; they have no patriotism in them." "The first consequences of the blind extension of the suffrage are a narrow escape from Dismemberment (by the first Home Rule bill), and the appearance, in the person of Mr. Gladstone, of Demagogism in its most powerful, its most malignant, and its most destructive form. Nothing can be either more tragical or more instructive than this man's moral fall." And he found Gladstone's great opponent no better: "Dizzy's life has been one vast conspiracy—the first object of which was the gratification of his own devouring vanity, the second the subversion of Parliamentary government." Goldwin Smith was vigorously opposed to Home Rule, believing, after much study, that what the Irish need is land, not political self-government. "If, however, self-government is to be conceded, I should be for four Provincial Councils. This would save Ulster from political submersion." In American politics he was often distressed by "the malignant influence of the Irish with their dynamite and blatherskite," and by "the corrupt wing" which they formed in the Democratic party. He had supposed they joined the party because attracted by the name, but a letter from Andrew D. White makes the interesting historical suggestion "that it was not their liking for the word 'Democratic' which influenced them in this matter, but their hatred of the word 'Whig.' In the thirties and forties, when the main tide of immigration started, the party opposing the Democracy was the Whig party." Goldwin Smith was strongly opposed to protection, and thought President McKinley "bad the worst way, a hypocrite half deceived by his own hypocrisy." "The election of Roosevelt," he wrote in the summer of 1904, "will be a disaster," but of Cleveland he had a high opinion. Of his work as professor of history at Cornell, there is almost nothing in this volume—a kindly sketch of Ezra Cornell, and of Ithaca, in 1868, and the statement ten years later that "the students are mostly poor, frugal, and industrious. We have lately been invaded by the athletic mania, but I hope not in a very virulent form."

Though much has been written of late on the literary qualities of the Old Testament, there has been no general chronological survey of the subject and this is what Prof. H. T. Fowler, of Brown University, proposes to give in his "History of the Literature of Ancient Israel from the Earliest Times to 135 B. C." (Macmillan). Without discussing questions of date and authorship he adopts the most recent critical views, taking his material in the order of time without regard to the arrangement of books in our

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Bible. Nor, beyond a note on the form of Hebrew poetry, does he attempt any statement of canons of literary criticism—he simply passes opinion on the various pieces as they come up. Such historical and exegetical remarks are added as are necessary to make clear the historical setting of the books and passages examined, and to explain what is obscure in them. His method enables him to bring out the development of thought and style in the Old Testament, from the naïve poetry and narrative of the earlier time to the finished productions of the later period. His literary and theological judgments are generally just; there is, however, here and there a strain of excessive enthusiasm. A comparative study of an ancient literature like the Hebrew would add value to the description of it. The reader would like to know what in the Old Testament is general Semitic and what is distinctively Hebrew; how the prose narrative stands related to the Arabic prose; wherein the lyric poetry agrees with or differs from the Greek; what is the literary influence of the Hebrew intense nationalism. Such a study would tend to give breadth of view and distinctness of critical judgment, and would probably modify such sweeping statements as those made on pp. 177 (on Deut. v-xi) and 364 (on the praise of love in Canticles). But the view of the literature given by Professor Fowler is attractive in style and instructive in content, and the volume should find a wide circle of readers.

"Rhetoric and the Study of Literature" (Holt), by Alfred M. Hitchcock, is intended as a textbook for the last two years of the high school. The feature of the book consists in an attempt to join the study of composition with that of literature in accordance with the writer's belief that while the earlier secondary training in English should be confined to expression exclusively, the later work should seek to correlate composition and literary criticism "within reasonable bounds." Agreeably with this idea—which, Mr. Hitchcock declares, is coming to prevail—his volume falls into two distinct parts: an English composition, pretty much of the usual type, and a rapid sketch of the history of English literature by periods. The gap between the two is bridged by a constructive study of the most important literary types—prose fiction, the drama, the essay, and so on. In this way the whole subject is approached from the side of original composition. Now, if this is indeed the proper angle—if literature should be studied to illustrate rhetoric and not contrariwise, then Mr. Hitchcock's book seems a good one for the purpose. To be sure, it has its failings—an excessive timidity of classification and definition, of anything that might possibly be construed as dry and dogmatic—figures of speech and punctuation, for instance, are relegated to the limbo of an appendix—a corresponding inclination to substitute persuasion for prescription, and what seems like a curiously underlying distrust of the pupil's faculty and inclination for the work. But these seem to be failings of the movement; and as a whole the volume is unusually simple, straightforward, and intelligible.

In "Culture, Discipline, and Democracy" (Christopher Sower Company), under a somewhat forbidding exterior, and in a style at times Teutonic in complexity, Prof. A. Duncan Yocum, of the University of Pennsylvania, presents what at first glance appears to be an unusually careful and well-reasoned discussion of the issue between culture and "preparation for life." We are not sure that the first glance is wholly misleading, but some of the conclusions are staggering—for example, that in the curriculum of the future the present status of required and elective subjects will be largely reversed, and the basis of education will be literature, history, sociology, civics, and economics, while mathematics (outside of simple arithmetic) and foreign languages will be treated simply as preparations for a specialty. Yet one must admit that a subject which in no wise finds its way into life hardly accomplishes the purposes of culture, and that discipline for discipline's sake may defeat its own purpose. Moreover, there is reason in the suggestion that the present boundaries of the sciences are too finely drawn for educational purposes, and that, in the secondary schools, at least, a course in "science" would be more to the point. In the end, however, it looks as if the writer were a victim of that presupposition which underlies most of the talk about "education for life"—namely, that even an educated mind can discover nothing for itself, and that one can neither cook nor vote without a special course in cooking or voting.

Frederic Stanhope Hill, author and publisher, died last week at his home in Cambridge, Mass. He was born in Boston in 1829. Early in life he went to sea, and during the Civil War was an officer in the navy. From 1890 to 1903 he was editor of the Cambridge *Tribune*. He was the author of several books, among them "Twenty Years at Sea, or Leaves from My Old Log-Books," which was written for boys; "The Story of the Lucky Little Enterprise," "The Continuity of the Anglican Church, A. D. 61-1900," "Twenty-six Historic Ships," and "The Romance of the American Navy."

Science

A gratifying indication of the distance to which good work reaches is seen in the liberal citations of American studies in a recent report on "Our Artesian Waters" in Australia, by R. S. Symmonds, published with permission of the Minister for Public Works (Sydney). The report includes a number of extracts and plates from M. L. Fuller's "Controlling Factors of Artesian Flow," and from F. W. Clarke's "Data of Geochemistry," both published by the United States Geological Survey, and cites opinions of Hilgard, Darton, and Daly, American geologists. The large volume of water obtained from deep borings has permitted its extensive use in irrigation in certain Australian areas, here described in some detail. Other topics of importance are the neutralization of alkali, the gases of artesian waters, and the interesting theoretical question of the source of artesian waters. For the Australian cases the author ascribes the water, at least in part, to deep-seated rocks, and not to infiltrated rain water.

The "Household Bacteriology" (Macmillan), by Estelle D. and Robert Earle Buchanan, is said to be for students of domestic science, and is also prefatorily described as a revision of the lectures given for some years past to students of home economics at Iowa State College. The title misleads the reader a little, for many forms of microörganisms are considered, including even various pathogenic protozoa. To yeasts and moulds much space is given, perhaps too much, in the text, besides an appendix with nearly forty pages of "key" to the common moulds. The general reader can pick up an immense amount of interesting information here, but, on the whole, one wonders what the mind of the home economist may be like. The information is usually very good, sometimes surprisingly fresh, and there is often a practical outlook of considerable value; but in general there is a lack of definiteness, and the application is not always as obvious as it should be in instruction for young domestic scientists. Almost a third of the book belongs to a section on microörganisms and health, and here, except in discussing milk and water, the authors are evidently on unfamiliar ground. Concerning water purification, it may be said in passing that the practical results with the ultra-violet rays as well as with ozone have not been as good as the account here given would lead the reader to suppose. Illustrations are numerous, and many of them are very clear and good; a few are hard to understand. The index at first glance seems to be very full, but it really has many gaps. Both index and text need careful revision with a Latin grammar and dictionary. The worst linguistic sin is "fomite" (p. 308), but there are others.

I. G. Gibbon, who wrote a book on the question of insurance for the unemployed, has now made a study of the experience of insurance against sickness which has come from the compulsory form in Germany since 1884 and from a voluntary form in Denmark since 1893, and publishes his results with the cover-title "Medical Benefit in Germany and Denmark" (Dutton). Extended appendices deal chiefly with the conflicts in Germany between the medical practitioners and the societies for sickness insurance. The new German law, only partially in force when the book was written, is incorporated in the text, but of its working little or nothing is as yet known. There is necessarily much detail in the presentation of the subject, and the material may not easily be condensed for the general reader. The more important conclusions indicate: that the medical insurance should be mainly for medical services and not for general support, and that some corporate action on both sides is desirable, but to be tempered with some individual liability; that there should be democratic organization and administration in the corporate groups, and also a generous measure of freedom; and that emphasis should be laid on educational work in insurance. The problems of medical benefit are not merely those of insurance, but are intimately bound up with social conditions. Solutions may not be given offhand, and there is much need of careful consideration and judicious planning; the adjustment can only be gradual, and disturbances must be expected.

Prof. John Robie Eastman, astronomer,

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died Friday at Franklin, N. H. He was born at Andover, N. H., in 1836, and graduated from Dartmouth College in 1862 with the degree of M.S., receiving a Ph.D. from the same institution in 1877. Professor Eastman was an assistant at the United States Naval Observatory at Washington from 1861 to 1865, and professor of mathematics, U. S. N., 1865. He was retired for age in July, 1898, with the rank of captain. In June, 1906, he was promoted to the rank of rear-admiral. He had been engaged in astronomical observations, computations, and research since 1862, the bulk of his published work appearing in the annual volumes of the Government Observatory. He was the first president of the Washington Academy of Sciences, and was in charge of the meridian circle work at the Observatory from 1874 to 1891. Under his care was prepared and edited the "Second Washington Star Catalogue," which contains the results of nearly 80,000 observations made at the Naval Observatory, 1866-91. He was the author of "Transit Circle Observations of the Sun, Moon, Planets, and Comets," 1903.

Drama

LONDON THEATRES.

LONDON, September 20.

It is a number of years now since the name of Ibsen was first heard in England and a select little group of British dramatists and actors set to work to reform the British drama, with an earnestness of which they never lost an occasion to assure the public. Indeed, so much was heard about the reformation, that that part of the public which takes itself seriously began to believe there was such a thing, and to imagine it was to be elevated and somehow strengthened by going to the theatre. Many declared that nothing remained but to get rid of the censor; others were convinced that the crowning touch needed was a National Theatre; and altogether enough noise was made to create a general impression that something was going on and that the drama in England was in an uncommonly active, intellectual, and, above all, ethical condition.

I have often had my doubts. Often, in my skepticism, the British drama has seemed to me much where it was before the name of Ibsen was heard in the land, except for the difference in themes and technique that time is bound to bring with it. For the last two or three years I have been inclined to think that not even so much as this could be said for it—that, on the contrary, the British theatre is sadly deteriorating. Ragtime and "revues" at the music halls, moving pictures at the "Cinemas," have so debauched the public taste that the drama has been having a pretty hard fight for survival, and last winter depended for success principally upon American farces, very amusing some of them, but still with no pretence of being anything save farces. Therefore, the announcement that this autumn season would open with plays by Bernard Shaw and J. M. Barrie was received with a good deal of interest, for Shaw and Barrie have been honored as two of the chief prophets of the new dramatic gospel, through all these reforming years.

To begin with Shaw's, since it was the first given. It has been put on the stage at the St. James's Theatre by those accepted modern pioneers and masters of stage production, Mr. Granville Barker and Miss Lillah McCarthy. Its title is "Androcles and the Lion," and it is described on the programme as a "fable play," a convenient and suggestive description, for a fable does not deal with realism, but may be full of the esoteric meaning looked for from Shaw, with the good, sound moral insisted upon nowadays tagged on at the end. The fact that he chose the early Christians as the subject upon which to build up his fable, nobody need quarrel with. One of the characteristic, periodical, solemn discussions has just begun in the London papers over the performance of "Joseph and His Brethren" at His Majesty's, the disputed point being the reverence, or irreverence, of adapting a Biblical subject to the modern stage. One of the correspondents, the Rev. Mr. Campbell, of the City Temple, goes so far as to compare such adaptations to the miracle and mystery plays of the Middle Ages, quite forgetting the difference between religious plays given by the church for the benefit of the people and religious plays given by the popular stage-manager for the benefit of his own pockets—quite forgetting, that is, that it all depends on how the adaptation is made and to what purpose. And so with Shaw's fable—everything depends on the treatment, for the early Christians are to a large proportion of the public as sacred subjects as Joseph or any other characters in the Old Testament, and if they are chosen as a modern dramatic theme, it is not unreasonable to expect that this is not through mere caprice, but for some sensible and appropriate reason. But Shaw has used them, to judge from the way he has used them, for no better reason than caprice —for his own amusement in once more bewildering the admiring audiences who are determined to hear in his every mood the voice of a prophet, while, all the while, he sits by, I rather suspect, with his tongue in his cheek.

The play opens with the familiar old story of Androcles and the lion that children of my generation used to read in one of their first reading books. I do not remember that it there had any connection with the early Christians, but by making Androcles an early Christian this connection is easily supplied without hurting the prejudices of the most orthodox. After a little, not very funny, sparring between Androcles, whom his wife calls "Andy," and the wife, whom Androcles calls "wifie-pifie," the lion appears and, as in the old story, Androcles pulls out the thorn from his "footsems-wootsems," and then, in Shaw's new version, the two waltz together from the stage. One smiles at this buffoonery, for the lion is really a very nice, Christmas-pantomime lion. At Drury Lane, or as a turn in one of the popular "revues" at the music halls, it would bring down the house. But is this exactly the sort of success the serious dramatist seriously reforming the drama wants?

Two acts follow. In one, the early Christians, mostly silent supers, are on their way to Rome and the arena; in the other, they are in Rome and gathered just without the arena waiting their martyrdom. In both acts there is a little mild, vapid fooling. A beautiful young Christian among the prisoners flirts—the word is Shaw's—with the Roman officer, and addresses him as "handsome Captain." A big, fiery-tempered brute of a convert finds nothing so hard as to turn the other cheek for the blow and ends by killing six gladiators in the amphitheatre, instead of being killed by them, and, as a consequence, is pardoned and welcomed to his service with open arms by the Emperor. A poor coward goes through farcical agonies of fear and, in a mad dash for freedom, rushes into the lion's jaws—a fate which, deserve it as he may, one might think scarcely a matter for laughter. There is an occasional serious passage, as when the "handsome Captain" asks the beautiful Christian to define her God, and she tells him that to define God we must be Deities ourselves. But the mild fooling, with the dash of seriousness, drags terribly at times, and of all dramatic crimes this is the worst. The end is foreseen from the beginning. Androcles and the lion meet in the arena, they recognize each other, and the lion refuses to eat Androcles. There is a bit of horseplay when the lion chases the Emperor up and down the stairs of the amphitheatre, a rough-and-tumble scene that would not disgrace a Harlequinade. The lion and Androcles then have a second dance and march off the stage arm-in-arm. The curtain falls.

What does it mean? That is the question earnestly asked by Shaw's admirers. Because the Emperor, at one stage, says that the Christians who refuse to burn incense to the gods are committing suicide when they go into the arena, suffragists look upon it as a suffrage fable, or sermon, and the inevitable suffragette interruption has occurred at one of the performances. Others have found consolation in the truth set forth that faith gives strength to

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the weakest, for it must be confessed that the early Christians as Shaw shows them are not of the stuff martyrs are usually supposed to be made of. And many still seek the answer, no doubt the more impressed because it is impossible to find. But looking at the play dispassionately, and not through the Shaw glamour, I see in it nothing but farce, with a subject that is as the poles apart from farce, indeed, so far-fetched as farce, so well-calculated when thus used to shock a large majority of the public, that it is hard not to believe it a deliberate bid for the sort of réclame Shaw should be willing to dispense with, now his position is assured. Moreover, the play depends for its fun, not upon the gay, whimsical humor that has redeemed many of his extravaganzas, but upon cheap jests and cheap clowning more in place on the music-hall stage.

To turn to Barrie is scarcely more encouraging, or I might better say it is less encouraging, for as two of his plays are now performing at the Duke of York's, there is the double chance to put him and his art to the test. By this time everybody knows that, on the first night, the first of these two plays received a tremendous ovation, and the second was hissed. In the meanwhile, the second has had one act cut out—the reason, perhaps, why it is still running and may possibly have a long run. As far as I am concerned—though in this I differ from most of the London critics—there is little to choose between the two. The first, in one act divided into three periods, tells the story of "The Will," from the earliest version made by the devoted young husband at the outset of his career, until the last made by the embittered widower at the end of the career which was more prosperous than ever the young man could have hoped. That the enormous success of "Milestones" would give a vogue to the three-period play, and that its authors would find imitators, it was safe to predict. The surprise is that Barrie should be the first to follow the lead. But here we have again the influence of time as a theme and its passing expressed in the dress and on the faces of the actors, and in the change of furniture—slight in this case, because the scene is a lawyer's office, where the chance for change is small except in the royal portrait hung above the mantelpiece: first Victoria, then Edward, and last George. The device in itself is not sufficiently novel to arrest attention, and the play which hangs upon it is of feeble interest. It is a fable with a moral, if you will, and the comfortable moral that leaves nobody in the least shadow of a doubt, but is as naïvely obvious as in the old Sunday-school tale of the Idle Apprentice. Nor is the story told with special subtlety or charm. The dialogue is thin, the sentiment thick. As a curtain-raiser that will pass, but will not set the theatre in England or anywhere else on fire; it probably would have been dismissed, but for the magical name of Barrie.

The second play, "The Adored One," or "Leonora," as I believe it is to be called in America, is described as a "legend," but a fable with a moral would have been a more appropriate description. The story is simple—as obvious in its plot and its sermon as "The Will." Leonora is the old-fashioned woman with charm, to whom anything and everything can be forgiven, even murder. She has killed a man by pushing him from the railway carriage because he refused to leave the window shut after she had represented to him that her child had a cold—a legend not possible outside of Barrie's fairyland. But so potent is Leonora's old-fashioned charm that friends, counsel, jury, and judges are all conquered by it and unanimously and joyfully acquit her. It may be said that, on the face of it, such a tale is fantastic, and should be so taken. And so I, for one, was prepared to take it all through the first act, when I was amused by the Leonora of Mrs. Patrick Campbell, who has not only the right charm for the part, but the right feeling for light comedy, and who shows, as few other actresses could, how the once admired type of woman may unite a number of different sorts of women in her own fascinating personality. She puts one in a good humor for whatever may follow. But, unfortunately, what follows is not fantastic: it is foolish—a preposterous scene in court which might be endured were dull burlesque its only fault, but which is unendurably silly. Leonora flirting with the judge, exchanging confidences with the jury, being proposed to in the witness-box by her counsel, innumerable other absurdities as flagrant piled one upon another, becomes impossible, her charm evaporates. And no lightness of touch, no delicacy of humor, relieves the burlesque.

Some critics have seen the offence in the fact that all this tomfoolery centres about a murder, too serious a subject, they say, for jest, though they might as logically have objected to Shaw's making a jest of the early Christians waiting for the lions. That the burlesque business is tedious is, as in Shaw's fable, the real offence. Even the burlesque topples over like a house of cards when, in the end, the judge, summing up in his judgment, tells Leonora that her type of woman, the woman of the past, is gradually vanishing, and that another, stronger, more independent woman, with less charm, is coming to take her place: all this said as solemnly as if Barrie really meant his "legend" for the problem play inaugurated by Ibsen, and the judge's speech for an equivalent to the discussion with which "The Doll's House" and the long succession of problem plays derived from it have ended. As well might a moral be tagged on to "La Belle Hélène" or "Orphée aux Enfers." Shaw is wiser in leaving his audiences to draw a moral for themselves.

These new plays by two of the leading British dramatists of the day shake one's faith in the value of reform and set the thoughtful to asking whether, after all, Barrie and Shaw are so great an advance on Robertson, with his cup-and-saucer school, and Sardou, whose "Diplomacy" has so successfully met the test of its present revival that it has already run for two hundred nights at Wyndham's. Does "The Adored One" come really closer to life than "Ours" and "Caste"? Does "Androcles and the Lion" preach a finer sermon—and it is a sermon that Ibsen has made the fashion in drama—than "Diplomacy"? Do not people still go to the theatre to be amused—or interested, which is the same thing—and is not the failure of the two plays due to their not amusing, not interesting, to their being dull? And if the censor is abolished and the National Theatre established, what guarantee is there that a fine national drama will be the result, when any number of private enterprises, from the Independent Theatre of the eighties to the Stage Society of to-day, have failed to produce it? Art, whether of the stage or the studio, is not manufactured, not created by protection: it "happens." N. N.

Two new plays are now to be seen in the Lyceum Theatre in this city, "The Younger Generation," by Stanley Houghton, and "Half an Hour," by J. M. Barrie. The former is an amusing trifle, freshly conceived and cleverly written, which would be more praiseworthy if the humorous observation and skill in characterization revealed in it had been tempered by a little sober reflection. It deals with the revolt of the adolescent family of a smug Manchester merchant, James Kennion, a regular chapel-goer, still governed, in externals, by the Puritanical notions in which he was reared by his grimly religious old mother—against the moral and social restrictions imposed upon them. The youngsters are encouraged in their rebellion by a jovial uncle, who has passed most of his life in the freer intellectual atmosphere of Germany, and who remembers some of the escapades in which he and his precise brother, James, indulged when they were boys together. James is not pleased when reminded of these adventures, but regards himself as a brand saved from the burning, and is inclined to think that the world is coming to an end when his eldest son, exhilarated by unfamiliar liquor, tries to kiss the housemaid, and subsequently, unrepentant, demands more liberty and a latch-key; when his daughter encourages a perfectly honest suitor without taking him into her confidence, and when his youngest boy, aged eighteen, ventures upon the desperate profligacy of a hotel supper, with sherry and bitters, after a golf match. Much legitimate fun, and some sound so-

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cial and domestic philosophy, are extracted from these incidents, which are handled with no little theatrical dexterity, while all the various personages are drawn with a light, vivacious, and realistic touch. The main contention upon which the piece is founded, that over-severe discipline may provoke the very excesses against which it is directed, is trite enough to be proverbial, and the troubles of Mr. Kennion, a ridiculous and foolish old Pharisee, are doubtless the logical results of his own narrow and tyrannical policy, but the moral implied in some of the illustrative examples and precepts, that youth, male or female, in its most perilous period, may be safest when left to its own instincts and resources, is opposed to all human experience. This is not a serious work. The primary object of it is laughter, and it does not call for severe criticism by high standards, but jests at the expense of the finer human instincts are dangerous even in farce.

"Half an Hour" will add nothing to the high reputation of Mr. Barrie as a dramatist. It does, indeed, contain an ingenious, if wholly incredible, melodramatic situation, but nothing really vital or human or anything suggestive of the literary facility or quaint, humorous, whimsical, illuminative fancy by which much of his other stage work has been distinguished. It is possible that he intended it as a burlesque satire upon some of the recent emotional sex dramas, but of this intent there is no indication upon the surface, either in the wording or in the manner it was acted at the Lyceum. Symbolism or irony must be manifest to be effective. He presents two intensely unreal, conventional, theatrical figures. Lillian Garson, an exquisite, dainty, high-spirited, penniless aristocrat, has sold herself to a brutal millionaire husband, whose maltreatment does not fall short of physical violence. After a bitter quarrel, in which she opposes cold scorn to his brutal ferocity, she decides to flee with a lover, leaving behind her her jewels and wedding ring and a note of farewell. In the second scene she joins her lover, who goes out to make some final arrangements and is killed by a motor-'bus. The doctor, summoned in the emergency, realizes that she is not wife or widow, and bids her depart if she would save the dead man's memory from scandal. So, in despair, she returns homeward in the hope of forestalling discovery, and, in the third scene, appears as hostess of her husband's dinner guests, among whom is the very doctor who has been a witness of her tragedy. He, recognizing her at once, amuses the company with a minute recital of the experience through which he has passed, the guilty woman—whose one anxiety is to regain possession of her note and jewels before it is too late—exhibiting a deep but innocent interest in the relation. Garson, who has found the jewels, but not the note, is stirred to sudden suspicion by a chance remark that eloping wives always leave their trinkets and a note behind them. He turns fiercely upon his wife, but by this time she has the tell-tale note crumpled in her hand, and smilingly chaffs him as he vainly hunts for it. For this moment of suspense apparently the piece was written. In the end she lies herself triumphantly out of her scrape and her deluded husband sullenly apologizes and goes in to dinner, while his wife—after showing it to the doctor—throws the incriminating note into the fire. What Sir James Barrie meant by a tale so extravagant in its coincidences and in its delineation of character is a problem. From first to last, it is crammed with glaring inconsistencies and improbabilities, while the dialogue is in no way remarkable. If he simply wished to try his hand at a thriller, it is to be hoped that this one experiment may content him.

The other new Barrie comedy, "The Will," which is fully described in the London letter preceding these notes, has just been produced in the Empire Theatre here. John Drew played the three ages of the central figure, the financier, with uncommon skill and notable comprehension. He has done nothing so well in the way of character delineation for years. He was particularly effective as the middle-aged, purse-proud, selfish merchant, and exhibited a degree of passion, as the broken-hearted millionaire in the final scene, of which few playgoers probably thought him to be capable. Frank Kemble Cooper also furnished a notable picture of the old lawyer, whose broken utterances furnish the moral comment which is the object of the piece. This, of course, is the ancient saying that the love of money is the root of all evil.

Music

Among the vocalists engaged for this season's concerts of the New York Philharmonic Society are Matzenauer, Gerville-Réache, Ottilie Metzger, Julia Culp, and Jacques Urlus. The violinists to be heard as soloists are Mischa Elman, Carl Flesch, Jacques Thibaud, and Leopold Kramer (the Philharmonic's new concert-master). The pianists will be Teresa Carreño, Harold Bauer, and Max Pauer; and the violoncellists, Jean Gerardy, Leo Schulz, and Beatrice Harrison, who will make her first American tour. Also there will be Henri Leon Leroy, first clarinet of the Philharmonic, and Xaver Reiter, first horn. At the Young People's Concert, Kitty Cheatham will be the soloist. The Philharmonic will have the coöperation of the St. Cecilia Club (Victor Harris, conductor) in the performance of Liszt's "Dante" symphony.

The New York Symphony Society, under the direction of Walter Damrosch, will again give its concerts at Aeolian Hall. There will be eight Friday afternoon subscription concerts, and sixteen on Sunday afternoons. The first will be on Sunday afternoon, October 26, when Mme. Gadski will be the vocalist. The list of soloists includes also Louise Homer, Margarete Matzenauer, Maggie Teyte, Oscar Seagle, Carl Flesch, Fritz Kreisler, Kathleen Parlow, Alexander Saslawsky, Mr. and Mrs. David Mannes, Wilhelm Bachaus, Harold Bauer, Josef Hofmann, George Barrère, Gustave Langenus. Among the pieces to be played are: Bach, Brandenburg Concerto No. 5; Brahms, Serenade in D; Chausson, Concerto for piano, violin, and string orchestra; Debussy, C., Suite "Le Printemps" (first time); Elgar, Sir E., Symphonic Poem, "Falstaff" (first time in America); Ennesco, Rumanian Rhapsody; Fanelli, E., Tableau Symphonique, "Thèbes" (first time in America); Handel, G. F., Concerto grosso No. 7; Kolar, V., Symphonic Suite, "Americana" (first time); Loeffler, C. H., La Villanelle du Diable; Strauss, R., "Till Eulenspiegel's Merry Pranks."

Theodore Presser, in addition to being one of the great musical educators of the American public through his admirable periodical, the *Etude*, and otherwise, has founded a Home for Retired Music Teachers. It is situated in Germantown, Pa., in one of the most desirable parts of the city. The contract for the new building was let a few days ago. It will cost $136,000 without painting or the furnishings. It will, in fact, be like a beautiful private hotel, with as little of the institutional idea as possible. It will accommodate sixty-five inmates, and no expense has been spared to make the building as commodious, comfortable, and even luxurious as possible. Mr. Presser has guaranteed the future of the institution.

Arthur Mees is again acting as conductor of the Worcester, Mass., music festival, which is extending from September 29 to October 3. Among the artists who are heard are Mme. Schumann-Heink, Evan Williams, Florence Hinkle, Herbert Witherspoon, Lambert Murphy, Reinald Werrenrath, Arthur Philips, Mary Jordan, Alice Eldridge, Mme. Sundelius, William Wheeler. The programmes include, besides a number of classical and modern vocal and instrumental numbers, two large choral works, Verdi's Requiem and Gabriel Pierné's "St. Francis of Assisi." American composers are not forgotten, Arthur Foote being represented by his "Omar Khayyám" suite, and W. H. Humiston by his "Southern Fantasy."

A quadrille for two pianos, the principal themes of which are taken from Wagner's "Tristan and Isolde," has been found among the papers of the late Emanuel Chabrier and will shortly be published.

Commenting on the discovery of the complete manuscript, in Verdi's handwriting, of a History of the Popes, the London *Telegraph* says: "It seems marvellous that the composer should have found time, in the intervals of opera writing, to carry out a literary task of such importance and magnitude." Some of those intervals between operas were, however, long enough to give time for almost anything. After composing "Aïda," Verdi rested on his laurels sixteen years before he produced another opera, "Otello." The only thing he composed in this period was his Requiem.

G. Schirmer's September Bulletin of New Music gives timely information regarding the operatic novelties to be produced in New York and other American cities this season. The Metropolitan Opera Company's list includes Victor Herbert's "Madeleine," Charpentier's "Julien," and Strauss's "Rosenkavalier." Hammerstein's novelties will be Massenet's "Thérèse" and Erlanger's "Aphrodite." Saint-Saëns's "Henry VIII" will be done by the Century Opera Company. The Boston Opera promises Février's "Monna Vanna," while the Chicago company's list includes Franchetti's "Cristoforo Colombo" and Kienzl's "Ranz des Vaches."

No less than eight concert halls have been erected in Berlin within the last ten years. Three of them have a seating ca-

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pacity of 1,500 to 1,600, one of 1,200, while the others are smaller.

A history of conducting ("Geschichte des Dirigirens"), by Georg Schünemann, is among the latest German books. The third volume of the Joachim correspondence ("Briefe von und an Joseph Joachim") also has just been issued.

Far better than most of the songs that come at present from across the ocean are some of those composed by Henry Holden Huss. They are not only good as music, but effective in the concert hall. The same American composer's sonata for violin and piano, opus 19, is among the pieces that have recently come into favor. Prominent virtuosi, like Kneisel, Spiering, and Ysaye, have played it in public.

Art

Lee Warner is publishing for the Medici Society "In the National Gallery, a First Introduction to the Works of the Early Italian Schools," by Mrs. C. R. Peers.

Mrs. Bearne's book "A Court Painter and His Circle: François Boucher (1703-1770)," issued by T. Fisher Unwin, is a biography of the artist and in some sense a reflection of the life of his period.

The Metropolitan Museum issues an illustrated "Catalogue of Romanesque, Gothic, and Renaissance Sculpture," under the editorship of Joseph Breck, assistant curator in the department of decorative art. By the inclusion of medals, plaquettes, and ivories, a sensible course under the circumstances, the catalogue numbers exceed three hundred, of which the majority fall in the Gothic period. Mr. Breck has taken his editorial task with due seriousness. The pieces are fully described, all relevant literature is cited, and problems of attribution are briefly discussed. In every scholarly respect the work is creditable, being more minutely accurate than the run of similar European catalogues. There are more than eighty half-tone cuts, which, however useful, make the book pretty heavy in the hand. An impression on lighter paper would be a distinct convenience to visitors to the Museum. This catalogue constitutes an extraordinary record of growth. Seven years ago the Metropolitan Museum contained no original Renaissance or mediæval sculpture of note, except a damaged but fine altar back by Andrea della Robbia. In 1907, through the generosity of Mr. Morgan, the older portion of the Hoentschel collection was lent to the Museum. This added at once something like 200 examples of sculpture, mostly of a minor decorative type and of Gothic period. Mr. Morgan soon added to this loan the remarkable transitional tomb sculptures from Château Biron, fine instances of the pathetic and realistic manner that superseded Gothic stylism. In the last five years by purchase the Museum has chiefly built up the weakest department, that of Italian sculpture. Here it has naturally been impossible to acquire works of monumental dimensions. Instead the Museum has wisely concentrated upon those works in which the artists' touch is most evident—terra-cottas and small bronzes. As to the scope of the present collections, which are rapidly growing, both in North and South European examples, it is possible to illustrate from originals the main types from the twelfth to the end of the sixteenth century.

Among objects of capital importance in the Italian school, we may mention four angels very close to Giovanni Pisano in style, a terra-cotta Madonna by Donatello, another of Verrocchio's early time, an altar back by Andrea della Robbia, a Nativity by Antonio Rossellino, a graceful angel by Matteo Civitale, a portrait relief in marble by Pietro Lombardo, a magnificent bronze Madonna by Jacopo Sansovino, a fine portrait bust of Simone Contarini by the Venetian Alessandro Vittoria. One may add perhaps a gold plaque minutely worked in repoussé and ascribed to Benvenuto Cellini. If one recalls as well a small but choice group of the best Renaissance medals and small bronzes, one will see that the materials for original study in this field are already considerable. Great gaps in the collection there necessarily are. Nothing adequately represents the Michelangelesque movement; such admirable craftsmen as Adam Krafft and Peter Vischer are absent; the realistic school of Mazzoni is not exemplified; the Campanian school of the Hohenstaufen revival is virtually missing. Here it should be said that the casts elsewhere exhibited in the Museum may help the student, that some of these *desiderata* mentioned above are quite unattainable, while such as are to be had will doubtless be drawn in by a department commanding large funds with wide knowledge and unbounded zeal. This is not the place to raise technical issues. If it were, we should ask why the bronze genius ascribed to Verrocchio's school should be regarded as an ancient piece. Let us rather close upon the note of congratulation for a remarkable buying campaign now handsomely supplemented by the useful and scholarly catalogue.

Deputy Henri-Charles-Etienne Dujardin-Beaumetz, for many years Under Secretary of State for Fine Arts in the French Cabinet, died at Limoux, France, on Saturday, in his sixty-first year. He was an artist by profession and was awarded a medal at the French Salon of 1880, but he afterward gave himself up to politics and was elected Deputy in 1889 and continued to be a member of the Chamber until his death. Most of his pictures were devoted to military subjects.

Sir Alfred East, A.R.A., president of the Royal Society of British Artists, died Sunday in London, aged sixty-three. He was a cavaliere of the Order of the Crown of Italy, an associate of the Société Nationale des Beaux Arts, Paris; honorary associate of the Royal Institute of British Architects, honorary member of the Meiji Bijutsu Kai of Japan, of the Société Royale d'Aquarellistes of Belgium, and the royal academies of Milan and Stockholm. Sir Alfred East was represented by his works in galleries all over the world. His Returning from Church is in the Carnegie Art Gallery at Pittsburgh, Pa.; A Passing Storm in the Luxembourg at Paris, A Haunt of Ancient Peace in the National Gallery of Hungary, London at Night in the Milan National Gallery, The Morning Moon in the Art Institute at Chicago, The White Carnival in the Brussels National Gallery. In 1906 he published a book on "The Art of Landscape Painting in Oil Color."

Finance

RAILWAY EFFICIENCY.

When the Eastern railways' application for advanced rates was denied by the Interstate Commerce Commission in 1911, Commissioner Prouty took occasion to refer to the statement made by Mr. Brandeis that $300,000,000 per annum could be saved by "scientific management," and made it clear that he did not concur in any such opinion. He said:

> Upon this record we can hardly find that these methods could be introduced into railroad operations to any considerable extent, much less can we determine the definite amount of saving which could be made. We cannot, therefore, find that these defendants could make good any part of these actual advances in wages by the introduction of scientific management (Opinion 1508, p. 279).

Few people not actually concerned with the operation of railways know how much the principle of "scientific management" has increased railway efficiency in the past twenty years. This increase can readily be illustrated by a few simple figures. It may be assumed that the best measure of a railway's "efficiency" is its average "revenue train-load," *i. e.*, the average number of ton-miles of revenue freight carried in each train-mile, which is the same thing as the average number of tons per train. A little consideration will show why this is the case, and it needs no detailed demonstration. Twenty years ago the "average train-load" of all the railways in the United States was, in round figures, 170 tons, and the average revenue per freight train-mile was about $1.52. In 1893, with the exception of Mr. James J. Hill, on the Great Northern Road, and the possible exception of one or two other men who knew what he was doing, virtually no railway managers were giving any direct thought to the matter of train-load with the idea of greatly increasing it. It was not until the reorganization period in the middle nineties that full recognition began to be given to the importance of the question, and probably the Northern Pacific reorganization did as much to focus attention upon it as did anything else. The reason for this was that Northern Pacific, with virtually the same traffic density as that of Great Northern and operating under conditions almost precisely different, was bankrupt, while Great Northern was prosperous, mainly because for every train-mile run Great Northern carried about 100 ton-miles and earned about $1 more than did Northern Pacific. Northern Pacific's reorgan-

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izers saw that all they had to do was to "pick up" this 100 ton-miles and this $1 per train-mile, which in due time they did, with results known to all. And by the later nineties all railway managers were striving to increase train-load as the quickest way to increase of profits. The so-called "Hill methods" were applied in all directions.

The result is clearly to be seen in the comparisons which follow:

(All railways in the United States according to Poor's Manual.)

Year.	Revenue train-load (tons).	Freight train-mile revenue.
1893	170	$1.52
1896	188	1.55
1903	314	2.35
1911*	403	3.01
1913 (our estimate)	415	3.05

*Last year in which Poor's Manual compiled these figures.

It should be noted that in the twenty years prior to 1893 the growth in "train-load" was probably not much more than about 40 tons, and this could clearly be accounted for almost entirely by the automatic effect of increasing business. It was only, as has been said, after the reorganization period of the nineties, when one-quarter of the railway mileage of the United States had passed through the courts, that "scientific railroading" began. The record of the sixteen or seventeen years since that time is eloquent of what has been accomplished.

Two things had to be done to increase the train-load—larger equipment had to be provided, roadbed being changed accordingly, both as to grade and strength, and better methods of handling business had to be put into effect. How much of the increase in load is due to each cannot be ascertained, but it is quite certain that better methods have done a large share of the work. For at least ten years all railway managers have been fully awake to the importance of saving train-mileage, and those familiar with railway management know how many and varied have been the efforts looking to this end. It may here be noted, moreover, that in the same period English railway managers have borrowed from and profited by our experience in this point, to the great advantage of shareholders. The Northeastern and the Lancashire & Yorkshire companies have been particularly successful in this respect.

It is not surprising, therefore, that Commissioner Prouty should have somewhat summarily dismissed Brandeis's contention in 1911. If there be a presumption in the facts as shown by the figures above quoted, it is hardly to the effect that there is any such "slack" in the business of railway transportation amenable to "scientific management" as his estimate of $300,000,000 annually would indicate. While it would probably be untrue to say that the railway managers have exhausted the possibilities of "management," it would probably be true to say that they have exploited them to a very large extent.

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Abraham, J. J. The Night Nurse. Dutton. $1.35 net.
Anderegg, Frederick. Trigonometry. Revised edition. Boston: Ginn. 75 cents.
Aulnoy, M. C. B. d'. Memoirs of the Court of England in 1675. Trans. by Mrs. W. H. Arthur. Lane. $4.50 net.
Baker, E. K. Stories of Old Greece and Rome. Macmillan. $1.50 net.
Barclay, F. L. The Broken Halo. Putnam. $1.35 net.
Barnesby, Norman. The Mother and the Child. Kennerley. $1.25 net.
Baum, L. Frank. The Patchwork Girl of Oz. Illustrated by J. R. Neill. Chicago: Reilly & Britton. $1.25.
Benson, A. C. Joyous Gard. Putnam.
Benson, E. F. Thorley Weir. Philadelphia: Lippincott. $1.35 net.
Benson, R. H. An Average Man. Dodd, Mead. $1.35 net.
Blease, W. L. Short History of English Liberalism. Putnam. $3.50 net.
Bleyer, W. G. Newspaper Writing and Editing. Boston: Houghton Mifflin. $1.65 net.
Burgess, Gelett. The Goop Directory; The Maxims of Noah. Stokes.
Brown, R. C. The Remarkable Adventures of Christopher Poe. Chicago: Browne & Co. $1.25 net.
Canty, Charlotte. The Whimsy Girl. Dodd, Mead. 75 cents net.
Case, E. C., Williston, S. W., and Mehl, M. G. Permo-Carboniferous Vertebrates from New Mexico. Washington: Carnegie Institution.
Channon, F. E. Henley on the Battle Line. Boston: Little, Brown. $1.50.
Chapuzet, M-L., and Daniels, W. M. Mes Premiers pas en Francais. Boston: Heath. 75 cents.
Chemical Bank, History of the, (1823-1913). Privately printed.
Christ, Pictorial Life of. Illustrations by D. Mastroianni. Text by I. S. Dodd. Dodd, Mead. $2 net.
Connolly, J. B. Sonnie-Boy's People. Scribner. $1.25 net.
Coulter, J. G. Plant Life and Plant Uses. American Book Co. $1.20.
Cru, R. L. Diderot as a Disciple. Columbia University Press' (Lemcke & Buechner).
Damas, Roger de. Memoirs, edited by Jacques Rambaud; translated by Mrs. R. Stawell. Brentano. $3.75 net.
Day, Holman. The Rainy Day Railroad War. Harper. $1 net.
Dehan, Richard. The Headquarter Recruit, and Other Stories. Stokes. $1.25 net.
Dewey, John. Interest and Effort in Education. Boston: Houghton Mifflin. 60 cents net.
Dorr, J. C. R. Last Poems. Scribner. $1.50 net.
Du Puy, W. A. Uncle Sam, Wonder Worker. Stokes. $1.25 net.
Eldridge, E. H. Business Speller and Vocabulary. American Book Co. 25 cents.
Elementary Course in Plain Sewing. Manila: Bureau of Education.
Elias, E. L. The Children's Robinson Crusoe. Crowell. 50 cents net.
Ewald, Carl. The Four Seasons. Trans. by Alex T. de Mattos. Dodd, Mead. $1.20 net.
Ffoulke Collection of Tapestries. Arranged by Charles M. Ffoulke. Frederic Fairchild Sherman. $50 net.
France, Anatole. The Opinions of Jérôme Coignard. Trans. by Frederic Chapman. $1.75 net.
Haggard, A. C. P. Louis XI and Charles the Bold. Moffat, Yard. $4 net.
Hansjakob, H., and others. Schwarzwaldleut'. Edited, with notes, by E. C. Roedder. Holt.
Harcourt, Cyril. The World's Daughter. Lane. $1.25 net.
Hartley, C. G. The Truth About Woman. Dodd, Mead. $2.50 net.
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Lewis, J. H. Rome and the United States. Chicago: Rand, McNally. $1 net.
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Sombart, Werner. The Jews and Modern Capitalism. Trans., with notes, by M. Epstein. Dutton. $5 net.
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